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VOLUME XXVI, 1956–7

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B. S. KEIRSTEAD	The Business Enterprise
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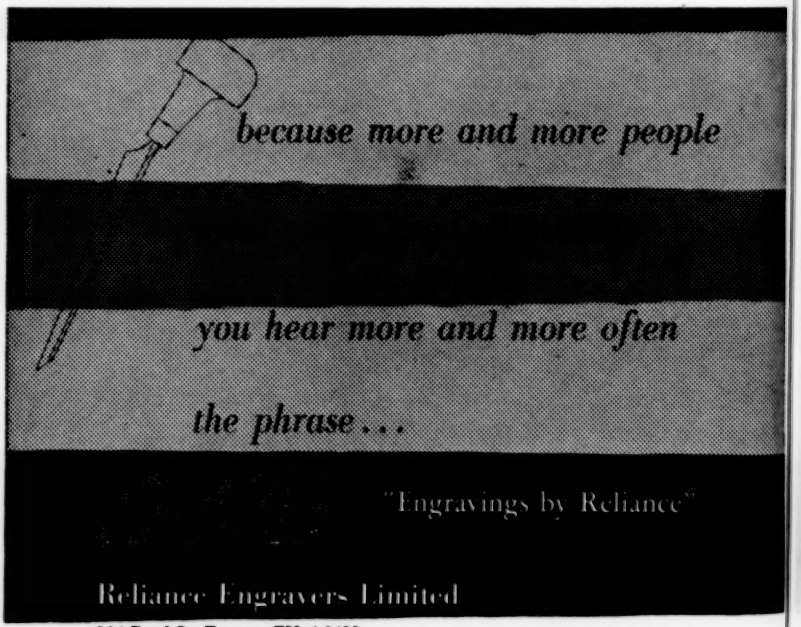

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EDWARD A. and LILLIAN D. BLOOM, *Willa Cather's Portrait of the Artist*
JOHN W. BILSLAND, *De Quincey's Theory of Literary Power*
M. D. C. TAIT, *Plato's Use of Myth*
A. D. HOPE, *The Cultural Pattern in Australia*
BARKER FAIRLEY, *"The Dawn in Britain" after Fifty Years*

A Theatre for Canada

Mavor Moore

In the *Elegant Sayings* of the Tibetan Lamas it is written:

> Not to be cheered by praise,
> Not to be grieved by blame,
> But to know thoroughly one's own virtues or powers
> Are the characteristics of an excellent man.

By this standard Canadians are often thought to be past praying for in any creed. We look in the mirror and there is nothing there. Some sceptics have even suggested we have no mirror—that is, none or few of the arts reflective of our character, as these arts have reflected the character of other nations past and present. We own the world's most famous blank face.

Now this may be considered no serious matter for anyone but the owner of the face, and indeed his concern with it is often inferred to be more cosmetic than cosmic. Much breath and ink are spent in controversy about the real nature of the face, most of it about as profitable as sorting maple leaves in a high wind. It serves only to obscure the paramount issue: that face is also a *tabula rasa*, and it is perhaps the most propitious on this distracted globe. Therefore the pattern that emerges on it, whether by accident or design, is of considerable consequence not only to ourselves but to our fellow men.

The importance of the Canadian pattern to the rest of the world remains, perhaps, to be demonstrated decisively, but its importance to Canada is now being generally if belatedly recognized. The travels to Broadway and Europe of our Stratford Festival Company, the journeys of our opera and ballet companies and other groups, have focussed national attention on the Canadian theatre as never before. Individual artists in the field of literature, music, and the theatre (including mechanical theatre such as film) have long before this made international mark, but never before have large groups bearing the coun-

try's name carried our reputation thus far afield. As we observe that thousands of intelligent and influential people in other countries judge Canada on the basis of theatrical representation, it dawns on even the most philistine that our achievements in this arena may conceivably be of serious moment to the country as a whole and not merely to a dilettante few.

The Canadian theatre, therefore, like the stock-market, is bullish these days, and shares in our great national debate: whether to take the bull by the horns or the tail. Shall we lead the monster in our own way, or hang on while those with more experience chart our course for us? Surely the answer to this question should depend neither on dogmatic nationalism nor careless opportunism but on where we want to go, the value of that goal to ourselves and to all men, and our shrewd estimate of the wish and capacity of others to get us there.

Both pro and con factions in the "Canadianism" controversy have helped becloud the atmosphere. The case for a distinctively Canadian culture has been kissed half to death by preciosity and chauvinism: by those who limit culture to the hot-house variety, and those who find the entire catalogue of human virtues singularly Canadian. And more often than not, earnest friends of the cause have fallen prey to a subtle booby-trap: desperately wishing us to be accounted civilized, they have accepted as the indices of civilization those jaded activities esteemed by a few older countries, and scorned the genuinely fresh impulses among us which might, ironically, have produced the recognition they seek.

This twin longing for both self-approbation and approval by the Board of Experts from Out of Town has caused much schizophrenia; as when a "Canadian" company from Stratford visits New York in a play by a sixteenth-century Englishman, staged by an Irishman, designed by an Englishman, music by a Scot, stage-directed by an Australian, and the two leading roles performed by an English actor and an Australian actress. Should we welcome this outside help, or should we spurn it on the grounds that it is not native, even if the native product is less impressive? And what is a native Canadian: how long does it take to become one of us? Is it impertinent of Mr. Douglas Campbell, that fine Scots actor, to call his group "The Canadian Players," or is he conferring an honour by joining us? Is it a cause for national shame that our "National" Ballet requires an English director, our Opera Festival two German-born mentors? Or is it the only course of sense, once it is decided we need these things in a national way, to import skilled artistic labour? And what is a Canadian play: can it be a play about Wales by

a born Canadian (Mr. Robertson Davies' *Jig for a Gypsy*) or a play about Canada written by an Irishman (Mr. John Coulter's *Riel*)? Is there a Canadian dialect of the English language? and if so would it be more or less provincial to use it? Should we not then perform Shakespeare and the classics in our native idiom instead of imitating the current speech fashions of London? Or would this be laughed at in Edinburgh? And so on.

These inquiries are the staple of discourse among the dedicated from bohemia to suburbia. But while they are by no means inconsequential from the political point of view, they are so loaded as to defy any answer other than the dogmatic and emotional. As I hope we shall see, the important issues cut across these false antitheses.

These who decry a concern with Canadianism are likewise beset by the weeds of dogma and have patent self-tripping booby-traps of their own. There is, for instance, the still widely held if less frequently expressed theory that we are essentially an inarticulate people: too busy, too practical, too athletic to bother with such fripperies as self-expression. Let others with more time to waste entertain us if they will (and all arts are here assumed to have entertainment as their sole function), we are bent on more serious pursuits—for example, the production of whisky, tobacco, and hockey-players. As an otherwise genial stockbroker put it to me: "We're acting out history in this country; we haven't got time to stop and talk about it." It seems no cure for this strong-silent fixation to suggest that from the Roman Empire to the Russian vigorous peoples have proved able to handle both activities without undue strain, or that since human fulfilment involves all man's capacities the two may not be unrelated. If we are indeed inarticulate and uncommunicative we lack the distinguishing mark not only of Canadians but of *homo sapiens*, and should defer not to superior countries but to superior creatures like the bee. At the very least, a Canadian theatre would be a contradiction in terms, not merely a parasitic foreign body.

A corollary of this fixation is the old truism that Canada is a geographical monstrosity in which all the lines of communication run north and south, so that resistance to the American tide—even if desirable—is bootless. Thus Mr. Morley Callaghan in *Maclean's Magazine*: "The wonder of it is that those who are trying to create an anti-American spirit in this country [Mr. Callaghan so labels his opposition] don't take the time to look at a map and then hold their heads. . . . In effect now, we are an island in an American sea." But the inference does not follow. True, the big battalions often win; but God is sometimes not on their

side at all, and in fact is reputed to have once aided David against Goliath. The recent actions of some of the United States entertainment unions in curtailing the growing use of Canadian performers in that country suggest that the wrong conclusion may have been drawn from the geographical fact. We can look at the map without holding our collective head; we can even feel it throb with the challenge of so large and amiable a sea to conquer.

The same misconstruction can be placed, and often is, on our ties of another kind to Britain: that we are a cultural appendage even though physically removed. The fallacy should at once become apparent when we remember that Britain has never hesitated to lead—not follow—the entire continent of Europe and indeed parts of the world even more remote than we from her, and that Scotland has never hesitated to lead England. Are we by definition somehow less capable? It is often lamented that we have "no traditions" in the arts, or none except those taken over (sometimes literally) from our friends and neighbours. But if we lack the good old traditions, neither have we—yet—the impedimenta of the bad old traditions (for example, the rampant homosexualism of the British and French theatres, the stultifying "hit" economics of the American) and are in excellent position to furnish some new ones for everybody. It is more blessed to give than to receive, even to rich old uncles.

Another favourite argument advanced against a national culture consciously sought is that "all art is international." This view is put forward in the best intellectual circles as if it had the combined authority of the United Nations and Mr. T. S. Eliot. We are told that every nation's culture is built by wholesale borrowing, and the fewer the barriers the better; and—by a deft bit of sophistry—barrier is extended to include one's own culture. It is pointed out that English culture first flowered greatly when Chaucer embraced French and Italian influences; that English music reached new heights under the German Händel, and so forth. We are assured that in this modern age, when boundaries melt away in the face of unprecedented travel and communication, we have less excuse than ever for narrow "nationalism." Are we to seek Canadianism at the very time nationalism is everywhere outmoded?

This lofty argument conceals a neat verbal play: the word *inter*national is used to mean *supra*national, so that *exchange between* nations (a multilateral, dynamic process) is translated into the erection of *absolute standards* (that is, unilateral, static values) for *all* nations. We are apparently to believe that a picture is best painted by pouring all

the colours into one pot and shaking thoroughly before application. But the world's culture is not, praise heaven, one amorphous grey, but a rich and varied pattern; call each of the colours "national," "regional," "ethnic," or what-have-you, the separate colours must exist before a pattern can be made of them. There must be many things national before anything can be international. Nor is there at any time one finished picture, dried and rigid: it is in continuous flux.

An important sense in which all creative art *is* supranational, is, of course, that it does not conform to the structure of our political states. It is, in fact, a human characteristic, not belonging to any particular group of humans. But it is rash to pretend that art can be abstracted from its various local habitations to the extent that it can be given a set of universally applicable laws—though rash theorists are never lacking. The impulse to create is universal among men (perhaps even the cardinal characteristic) but it has never yet been demonstrated that a single set of rules or conventions for the production or evaluation of works of art is adhered to by all men. In fact the reverse would seem true as well as desirable: the more the merrier. And even the fact that some conventions are more widely adhered to than others, or of longer standing, should not beguile us into clothing them with universality or—as is often the case—divine immutability. In our theatre, this beguilement takes the form, for instance, of the belief that the sole adjudicator for our Dominion Drama Festival must have as his principal qualification a knowledge of theatrical convention elsewhere, preferably in Europe; the assumption being that the same rules hold good everywhere, and that his ability to judge an entry's relevance to our own environment has nothing to do with the case. In practice, as has been proven many times over, this does not hold: any such judge is the captive of his own prejudices. Our Stratford players have been praised by U.S. critics for their finish (thus preserving American superiority in vigour), and by British critics for their vigour (thus preserving British superiority in finish). The essence of conventions is surely that they are changeable—and ought to be changed—when and where they are no longer viable. Are we rather to fit our lives to the convention?

There is a strong current of world opinion which apparently feels we should. No less an authority than the Education Officer of the British Colonial Office, Mr. W. E. S. Ward—a man of vast experience in the clash of old and new cultures—generalizes:

> What usually happens is that a foreign culture appears attractive to the people and for various reasons they desire to acquire it. When the British

and other provincials set themselves to learn Latin and the Roman way of life, they did so not through any legal compulsion, or through any legal prohibition of their mother tongue, but because the new ways opened up to them opportunities of social, economic and political advancement. In other words, it paid them to learn Roman ways.

Almost the same words are often applied today to French Canada in relation to the rest of the country, and to Canada as a whole in relation to the United States and/or Britain. And Canadian writers and performers who go abroad thus justify their adoption of more "advanced" dialects and ways. In plain terms, this is an invitation to join the Club That Matters, with the added inference that only a fool would decline.

Mr. Ward, like others who swallow this dangerous piece of humbug, is the victim of a grand illusion even while he pretends he is merely being realistic. He is confusing scientific and technological superiority with cultural superiority. Changes in the field of the arts are only occasionally a matter of "advancement," and these occasions have to do with technical developments only. Has painting "advanced" since Michelangelo, or drama since Sophocles? Did it honestly "pay" the Incas to learn Spanish ways? Naturally any country which is technologically on top considers its way of living the best available and any move towards it an advance; and it is very easy for anyone wishing to justify the propagation of that way to plead "internationalism" and accuse those who oppose of obstructive "nationalism." In fact, however, the positions are nearly reversed: he who strives to preserve and develop distinctive arts is the broader humanitarian, he who seeks assimilation and conformity the narrower. At the moment the Canadian sculpture receiving most attention from the rest of the world is the carving of the Eskimos; the day they abandon it for copies of Rodin will not mark an advance.

But there remains the brave optimist who tells us to be of good cheer, for no outside influences *can* reach us. Thus Mr. Thor Hansen, distinguished representative of a large oil company in Canada (American-owned):

> Culture is something you cannot buy, something you cannot import, something you cannot learn or produce at will. A writer, an artist or musician cannot sit down and say "Now I will produce culture." Culture is something that evolves out of the simple, enduring elements of everyday life; elements most truthfully expressed in the folk arts and crafts of a nation.

Miss Margaret Aitken, the columnist and Member of Parliament, calls these "wise words to allay all those fears" (about foreign pressures).

They seem to me not only not wise but among the more naïve I have ever read. Mr. Hansen and I cannot have shared access to the same history books. Does he seriously believe that any group is *not* subject to influences other than the "simple, enduring elements" of our own local "everyday life"? Did the Spanish have no effect on South America, the British none on India? Has he never met a Canadian Indian and asked him what happened to his folk arts and crafts? Do Africans acquire a taste for radio and television by a sort of internal combustion? It may well be that any writer, etc., who is daft enough to announce as he sits down to create "Now I will produce culture" may fail to do so: it seems to me a stupid way to begin anything. But this does not prevent artists (amateur and professional) from producing culture, and unless we have been grossly misinformed they have been doing just that for thousands of years. The simple elements of everyday life may not endure at all unless pains are taken by someone to see that they do. Mr. Hansen is mistaking the soil for the fruits thereof, or at best the roots for the flowers. Culture, I suggest, can come to a country in all the ways he says it cannot and more besides. And while it is true the wish or the will cannot produce a culture any more than a pumpkin-carriage drawn by mice, the desire and the will to move our creative life in a certain direction is a big help in getting there. One thing is sure: if we fail to move it ourselves others will move it for us, because we cannot stand still culturally any more than we can politically or economically.

A nation is the focal point for the common habits, desires, and aspirations—political, social, economic, cultural—of a group of people. A geographical area is a nation only to the extent it succeeds in representing these, a vigorous nation only in so far as it nurtures and develops them, and a worthy member of the world community only in so far as it devotes its increase to the common good. It will not achieve these ends by self-abnegation.

II

Of all the arguments adduced against self-determination, however, perhaps the most persuasive is that we are, as a people, so like the British and/or Americans that the differences are negligible and are bound to become less. Mr. Callaghan again:

> What is involved here is all that shapes a culture—the economic forces, all the methods of production and distribution, the way people dress and eat, the songs they sing, the games they play and above all the language. When

you try to resist these forces by sheer acts of will [see above] you can be "different" all right. Young Canadians, for example, could start wearing togas and sandals. But nothing truly indigenous can come out of it. Cultures don't grow in this style, anyway; they grow like cabbages.

Mr. Callaghan has as deliberately chosen an absurd figure for his example of wilful difference as he has carelessly chosen one for culture: I should hate to be a partner in his farm, where cabbages fend for themselves. But let us examine this theory that nothing indigenous can come from a conscious attempt to be different.

There are actually hundreds of ways in which our daily lives differ from those of our neighbours, from political parties to newspapers to televison to divorce and back again. They may not be as obvious to us as the differences between ourselves and the Japanese; but let us remember that to most westerners all orientals are indistinguishable. It depends where you sit. Saying that things Canadian are not different often means only that when we look at Canadian life through British or American spectacles, we see only what is compatible with those lenses. We see what we are looking for. It is this ingenious device that gives rise, for instance, to the complaint—as frequently lodged by ourselves as by incomers—that we have "no theatre" in Canada. Not a different theatre, notice, but no theatre, or "none to speak of." Not finding theatre of a kind one is accustomed to, or has been taught to believe is the only sort God recognizes, one not unnaturally assumes there is none of any kind, remaining blind to the considerable activity of a kind one does not think to look for. Toronto, for example, is a larger television production centre than either London or Paris. I once met a Parisian lady in New York who complained of the absence of "true" theatre there!

The upshot of thus borrowing the cultural yardstick along with the culture is that whatever it does not measure is presumed to be not worth measuring. It is not only different but thereby indifferent. Without our own yardstick, we surrender our rights along with our responsibilities and enter a new period of colonialism, our tastes dictated by others more sure of theirs than we of ours. It is no excuse, either, to plead that others' tastes are already formed (and thus available as a standard), while ours are only aforming. We may feel that the Americans, the British, the French know for sure what criteria to apply to a novel, a painting, a play; but even if this were true their criteria could not be static: they might change tomorrow. It did not take Whitman long to change the accepted conventions of poetry in America, a country which

puts a high value on novelty. The truth is that we have much that is discernibly Canadian, but like the stepmother when the prince's emissary comes to call, we send little homebody upstairs in the belief she doesn't qualify. And yet our Cinderella may be the very girl the prince is looking for.

It would be a dull world if the rest of mankind were as overmodest as we. By occidental standards an oriental singer can scarcely sing at all: he can produce neither a "proper" tone nor quality nor can he sustain a pitch without wobbling. But to sing our kind of music is not what an oriental singer is trying to do. And if he had thrown away his own values, as the North American Indian once did, and embraced European models, European music itself would be the sufferer, for it is now being fed and transformed by eastern influences. To look someone else in the face and say "Yes, I admire your way of doing things, but your situation is not quite mine and for myself I prefer another way"—this is not the mere childish perverseness rightly parodied in Mr. Callaghan's image of sandals and togas, but a healthy adult attitude. When the French impressionist painters revolutionized the techniques of painting they did not first denounce da Vinci and Rembrandt as fakes; they simply looked at things in a new way themselves and found a sincere mode of expression for what they saw. Fools among the critics and the public may have fought over whether the traditional or the new methods were "superior"; time's wisdom now allows us to enjoy both and waste no time calling one better than the other. Without the "differences" we should be the poorer.

This perhaps argues that we should cling to whatever already-established standards we have; but does it also argue that we should consciously try to be different while in the growing stages? Well, let us take a look at the formative stages of some of those cultural models nowadays held up for us to imitate.

There is a fallacy—supported mainly by teachers and professional critics, I am sorry to say, who have a vested interest in their own knowledge—that new art is invariably built upon the old. The bricklayer likes to think he knows all about building, and resents the rise of the cement-pourer. Now while a great many artists have wrought fine things out of old cloth (especially antiquarians like Morris), it is nonsense to suppose that mastery of old techniques will automatically produce something worthwhile, or even that it is the best way to begin. It is not infrequently the worst. It would be truer to say that those now considered great masters were flouters, not followers of tradition. And

it is astonishing to discover how many of those we think of as representative of their time and place in history were thought in that time and place to be not only radical but *incompetent*.

Those who find our own local customs deplorably amateur might recall, for instance, that Shakespeare was long and widely held to be talented but illiterate and unskilled. His contemporary Ben Jonson was generally judged his superior, largely because he followed the classical masters; and Jonson himself, though an admirer of Shakespeare, regretted his inability to "blot" his own lines and his lack of classical training. A century and a half later Voltaire considered him inferior to Dryden. Dryden agreed:

> Our improprieties are less frequent and less gross than theirs (the Elizabethans. . . . Malice and partiality set aside, let any man, who understands English, read diligently the works of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and I dare undertake, that he will find in every page either some solecism of speech, or some notorious flaw in sense. . . . But the times were ignorant in which they lived. Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arrived to its full vigour and maturity: witness the lameness of their plots, many of which were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story . . . either grounded in impossibilities or so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused you mirth, nor the serious parts your concernment. . . . Those who call theirs the Golden Age of Poetry have only this reason for it, that they were content with acorns before they knew the use of bread.

Dryden, to do him justice, genuinely loved "the divine Shakespeare," and perhaps for this reason undertook to "correct" many of his plays—in the belief that with the best of intentions the Elizabethan simply did not know how these things were done. "The critic was willing to concede greatness of soul to Shakespeare," writes Spencer in his *Shakespeare Improved*, "but *neither a civilized taste nor a competent craftsmanship*."

Germany is renowned for her music. Who would you say epitomized that genius: Bach? Mozart? Beethoven? Wagner? The leading German critic of Bach's day wrote: "His compositions are devoid of beauty, harmony and clarity of melody." Or Mozart, if you prefer: "Nobody would overlook the talented man in Mozart; but I have never heard a single profound expert praise him as a correct, much less a perfect composer." Beethoven they found "harsh and ugly," and bitterly scolded him for breaking the rules. The violent antagonism aroused by Wagner's operas is too famous to need repetition. The point is not that these critics were wrong—this needs no labouring—but why they missed the boat: they falsely assumed that intentional infidelity to the "rules," or

rather fidelity to much deeper impulses, was the result of inability or ignorance!

Closer to our own times, here is the distinguished critic of the London *Observer*, writing ten years after George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" was first heard: "No American composer of importance has appeared (with the possible exception of Macdowell, who is dead), which is not surprising when we observe that none has been recognized by the Americans themselves." Change the nationality and the quotation might well be from the recent London *Times* symposium on Canada. But the explanation for this condescension is so pertinent to our own situation that I must include it here as given by David Ewen, the American critic:

> The truth is that while many of us acclaimed the Rhapsody in 1924 for its charm, originality and native traits, few of us realized how truly important this music really was. Those of us who had spent a lifetime in concert hall and conservatory were somewhat pedantically disconcerted by its technical lapses. . . . We were right about those faults—they strike us anew each time we hear the work. But what we failed to realize at the time was that the Rhapsody had qualities that no deficiency in technique could kill; and the most important of these qualities was its vitality. . . . However much Gershwin was praised by critics and serious musicians when he was alive, such praise was inevitably tempered with reservations: he was talented; he exerted an influence; his music was both entertaining and exciting—but both he and his music were of ephemeral importance. A handful of years is, obviously, too short a period to measure anyone's posthumous importance. But one thing is reasonably sure about Gershwin's: it is by no means ephemeral.

The latest episode in this story is the immense and unique success in postwar Europe of Gershwin's opera "Porgy and Bess," which despite its abysmal picture of American life has proved the ablest of all United States ambassadors and firmly enthroned its composer as the great American artist the London *Observer* failed to observe. Forgotten are his contemporaries who slavishly learned their correct lessons; they failed to learn the most important of them all: that live things are not created out of dead tissue.

In Canada we have had one superb chance to learn this lesson, but we seem to be poor pupils. Perhaps the sole product of our art and imagination to have made a recognizably Canadian dent in the world's consciousness to date is the painting of Tom Thomson and the Group of Seven. Mr. Vincent Massey tells the tale in his *On Being Canadian*:

> We, of course, know the facts, how a group of gifted artists a generation ago *turned their backs on Europe—quite deliberately*—and surrendered

themselves to their own environment, striving to uncover its secret. The inevitable happened. The Canadian landscape took possession of them. They abandoned the methods and techniques which were alien to Canada, and recorded its beauty faithfully in the clear lights, bold lines and strong colours which belonged to it. They had to struggle against strong opposition, those pioneers, among colleagues and the general public as well, but opposition is better than indifference. It produces an argument, and the pioneers won their case and achieved recognition. In Canadian painting, the revolutionary of a generation ago has become the "old master" of today.

From Shakespeare to Thomson the so-called incompetents have triumphed in their vitality and overthrown the sterile patterns of other places and other times. Mankind is a creative being, and he must keep on creating or wither away. Correctness, obedience to dead rules—this way sterility lies. Said the *Magazin der Musik* of Vienna in 1787:

The works of Kuzelich remain alive and are welcomed everywhere, but Mozart's compositions do not unanimously please. He has *a decided inclination for the unusual.*

Anybody here know Kuzelich?

III

The case of Shakespeare is particularly interesting because he is the most important playwright in Canada. Thanks to him our theatre has achieved a fame denied it when performing the works of mere local authors: our Shakespeare Festival at Ontario's Stratford has brought acclaim to Canadian actors and to their British mentors in the directing, designing, and other departments, has emphasized the apparent lack of Canadian playrights, and has brought to a head—as it continues to have British supervision—the whole issue of imported help.

Even though in its past (fourth) season the festival hired no foreign stars, it is believed by many that its success has been due largely to our having the humble good sense to copy the masters. The same might be said of three other important theatrical enterprises: Vancouver's Theatre under the Stars, which produces American musicals; Toronto's Crest Theatre, which produces mainly British and American revivals (three Canadian plays in three years) under the guidance of an English administrator, director, and designer; and Montreal's Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, which has made its greatest reputation playing Molière. (A classic, of course, is the heritage of all of us and may become our own in a freshly imagined version). But there is a pivotal ambiguity in the policy of imitation: what is to be imitated?

Dryden, in a moment of rare and moving candour, said of his attempts to improve Shakespeare: ". . . but I fear (at least let me fear it for myself) that we, who ape his sounding words, have nothing of his thought, but are all outside."

In other words, what is really most valuable in Shakespeare, as in all great creators, is in the strictest sense of the word inimitable: a personal vision of life and the vitality with which it is expressed. The rest—the "sounding words," the tricks of presentation, what is often called "technique"—is inessential. If anything is apparent from history it is surely that the impulse comes first, the technique for implementing it only afterward, in fact as a result. Forms per se are bound to be empty and hollow things if they are divorced from the inspiration that sought them out. If it is the form we imitate, we shall deservedly end up with a carbon copy of someone else's personality, recognizably Canadian only in its weakness.

The excuse that is usually given for repeating the successes of other lands and for bringing in outsiders to show us how these things are done in the best circles is that the public is pre-sold on them; that whether we like it or not Canadian audiences are in tune with the British or American product and its standard. This belief is not quite supported by the facts. The two most popular theatrical productions in both French and English Canada have been entirely Canadian in cast, script, music, design, and direction—and it is noteworthy that the principal contributors to neither had training abroad: the play *Ti-Coq*, which ran for nine months in Montreal in French, and the review *Spring Thaw*, an annual Toronto affair which this year ran for almost four months. No imported production has ever run for so long. Coincidentally, the author of *Ti-Coq*, the remarkable comedian Gratien Gélinas, first made his name in review, which would seem to indicate a Canadian fondness for this form. I believe the reason for its popularity is that it provides an audience with an experience it cannot get at plays or films from abroad; its very local topicality allows it to belong to its audience in a way impossible for outsiders to achieve. (The fact that it is a minor form of theatre elsewhere should bother only those who choose to borrow foreign definitions of "theatre.") It may very well be that the loose form of the review, with its flexible staging (in a time of physical transition in theatre architecture), its uniting of the elements of play, dance, and music, its blending of American pace with British bite, and its active interplay with a live audience, will prove the basis we need for more weighty playwriting to come. Certainly it has permitted

us to develop satire to a keener edge than other forms so far; and perhaps our proximity to the United States will afford us exercise in that direction. The Irish have proved the sharpest satirists of the British scene.

But—it may be argued—it is all very well to say that Canadians will attend Canadian shows; how can we hold up our heads until we can compete in the world market on that market's own terms? (*Ti-Coq*, for instance, failed on Broadway.) This is the constant cry of the columnists and other stern fathers: "It must be good enough to go anywhere" —meaning that it must abide by external standards. The inference, once again, is that we should begin by imitating.

The irony of this position is staggering. New Yorkers and Londoners consider us hicks (when they do) precisely because we meekly accept the worst they have to offer as holy writ. Is it not obvious that, if they are as bright as we seem to think, by the time we catch up to their present modes they will be ahead again? The styles we have so much admired and copied will already be out of date, probably retired by a new style from some country which had the wit to recognize and believe in its own. The attention lavished on Ontario's Stratford has proved at least that when we do something new and vital on our own soil the world will turn to look. It should be plain to all that the world will not turn aside to notice how well we imitate what they can do better and already take for granted.

But wait! Did we not just now confess that Stratford owed much if not all to imported help? And other prominent ventures too? Let us finally examine the nature of that contribution.

There have been two giants from abroad in recent times whose presence among us has galvanized our artistic life: John Grierson, the first head of the National Film Board, and Tyrone Guthrie, the first director of the Stratford Festival. It is of the utmost importance that we realize just what it was they brought: they were both notable, before they ever came here, as *tradition-breakers*. Non-conformists in their own societies, they brought as their most precious baggage their iconoclasm. To each of them—and I remember well the first conversations Dr. Guthrie held when he arrived in Toronto that fateful July five years ago—the appealing thing about the Canadian situation was the opportunity to create something new: the *tabula rasa* I have spoken of. Each saw in Canada the resources both human and economic to realize their visions without the encumbrance of tradition. And both created something here it would have been impossible to do elsewhere. The unique thing they

brought with them was a bounding idea, and the unique thing that met them on arrival was Canada's capacity to project it: it was the meeting of these two forces that produced the explosion.

If proof were needed that it was the spirit of newness which mattered, it was surely provided by the success of Dr. Guthrie's Stratford presentations compared with the failure of his production of *Tamburlaine*, which was a frank attempt to recreate a production he had made previously in England (it rehearsed here for only two weeks) on a traditional stage.

Does this mean that we should go out of our way to eschew skills brought here by a host of other new Canadians and visitors? I think it means rather that we should use *all* skills that serve *our own ends*. We should be grateful for all the know-how we can get which is prepared to produce creative power by uniting with our inspiration instead of stifling it. In this sense we cannot learn too much. The more we become aware of the infinite variety of creative techniques in the world, the less extravagant credence we shall place in the divine perfection of any one of them. And the greater value we shall place upon our position of freedom to develop our own. To learn that little Denmark has a ballet which is distinctive but the envy of dancers everywhere; that China has comedians whose miming is quite unlike our own version of comedy but still manages to convulse occidental observers; that Japan has a film industry second in size only to that of the United States; or even that Hottentots like their eggs rotten—all this should give us the courage to be ourselves. We do not need to put on the dog, of whatever breed; and to do so is to throw away not only our dearest advantage, but one of the world's best hopes.

The measure of a newcomer's usefulness as a member of our national community and the larger international community must be his grasp of this fundamental point. It has little to do with his clinging to skills acquired in other places to fit other situations, and everything to do with his readiness to toss them out, like excess baggage, on the exciting journey of exploration we are taking here. In brief: we should embrace as brothers all those willing to make one with us, and reject with every means at our disposal all those who come attempting to impose on a new land what has been fashionable in an old. We should also do battle with their accomplices among us who, flattered by acquaintance with celebrities, belittle their countrymen in a tragically mistaken effort to curry favour with the élite. Both of these species are barnacles on the ship.

Last year the United States itself had an opportunity to give substance to an enterprise similar to our Stratford Festival. With all their know-how they muffed it. Wrote the *New York Times*' Brooks Atkinson of the Stratford, Connecticut, Festival:

> It would be appropriate to begin the new enterprise with a new idea, as the people in Stratford, Ontario, did three years ago. In Ontario they are still keeping the idea fresh with the *Julius Caesar* they opened there on June 27. But the *Julius Caesar* at the Connecticut Stratford is still dreaming wistfully of Sir Henry Irving and Sir Beerbohm Tree.

Too many Canadians still cannot see the pinewoods for the Beerbohm Trees.

What matters in the long run is not that we are Canadian, but that *because* we are Canadian we have an unparalleled opportunity to contribute something new and vital to a world that needs and wants it, and expects it of us. If we miss the chance, our face in history should be not only blank but red.

Thomas Babington Macaulay — *J. H. Plumb*

On the day in November 1848 when the first volume of Macaulay's *History of England* appeared, Ludgate Hill was jammed with carriages struggling to get to Messrs. Longman in Paternoster Row. Three thousand copies were sold in ten days and the pace began to increase rather than slacken. The time came when Robert Longman pressed a cheque for £20,000 on Macaulay on the grounds that he had too much money in his own account. At a guinea a volume this was a prodigious achievement for Victorian times. Although Macaulay naturally thought well of his work, its public reception astonished even him. The reviews were almost uniformly as eulogistic as they were lengthy, but the book was far more than a success of metropolitan literary society. "At Duckinfield, near Manchester, a gentleman who thought that there would be a certain selfishness in keeping so great a pleasure to himself, invited his poorer neighbours to attend every evening after their work was finished, and read the History aloud to them from beginning to end. At the close of the last meeting, one of the audience rose, and moved, in north country fashion, a vote of thanks to Mr. Macaulay 'for having written a history which working men can understand.' "[1] His success at Windsor was as great as at Manchester. The Prince Consort was so deeply impressed by his book that he immediately offered Macaulay the vacant chair of Modern History at Cambridge, which Macaulay immediately declined on the grounds that if he were to lecture well he would be forced to give up his *History*. And if he were to write the *History*, his lectures would be bad. Some years later, Queen Victoria recognized Macaulay's unique position in English life and letters by making him a peer—the first writer to achieve such a distinction.

It is obvious from the great financial rewards and public honours which Macaulay's literary works brought him that he wrote very much what his time and generation wished to read. Certainly his own sympathy with his age was greater than that commonly found amongst the

great historians. Gibbon who, alone of English historians, can be compared with Macaulay to the latter's disadvantage, offended a considerable section of his reading public by his ironic treatment of the mysteries of the Christian religion. Although perfectly in harmony with the philosophic attitude of the Enlightenment, Gibbon displayed a complete detachment from the aspirations and ideals of the active part of the nation to which he belonged. Macaulay, however, was totally involved in his age—in it he found an echoing response to his own boundless energy and eupeptic confidence. Indeed, it is remarkable how closely Macaulay's character mirrors the strength and weakness of the early Victorian period. And his success must partly lie in the fact that the men and women who read him so eagerly, felt as he felt and believed as he believed: his truth was their truth. That this was so is also borne out by the fact that Macaulay now seems not only far below Gibbon in quality and achievement, but also below Michelet, below Burkhardt, even below Ranke. He lacked the range of Gibbon, the imagination of Michelet, the penetration of Burkhardt, and the wisdom of Ranke. Nor has his scholarship worn so well as theirs.[2] Even so, his qualities still claim for him a place amongst the great historians of the nineteenth century. It is likely that he will always maintain that place, and always be quite widely read. For this reason: in temperament he was very close to a fairly common variety of human personality. To make this clear, Macaulay and his time need to be described in a little more detail.

II

He was born October 25, 1800, the son of Zachary Macaulay who had recently returned from West Africa where he had been in charge of the settlement of freed slaves at Freetown.

Zachary was an evangelical, a member of the Clapham Sect, one of the Saints, a man of formidable and relentless piety. Equally formidable and equally relentless was his industry. The only holiday which he ever took was at Rothley in Leicestershire at the time of his son's birth. Not that this holiday was due to his pleasure at acquiring an heir; it was due entirely to ineluctable circumstance. Zachary fell from his horse and broke both arms. Naturally such a father was not slow to inculcate those virtues which he believed to be the only sure guides in a world full of sin. Like Wesley, he believed that industry was the best antidote to temptation. He insisted, of course, on absolute honesty and upon a deep respect for those institutions by which society was governed—the King, the Church, Parliament, and the family. Although Zachary

Macaulay was an ardent supporter of the abolition of slavery, he was no reformer. He accepted government as God-given and his desire for reform was limited to the individual conscience. Macaulay's father was, therefore, a man of certainties, one who never hesitated to judge men or events by his own rigid standards. Macaulay's mother held very much the same views as her husband but they were tempered with more obvious affection and, not surprisingly, more obvious ambition for her child. But both parents believed ardently in will power and in the effectiveness of ratiocination—and from his earliest years Macaulay was encouraged to act like an adult. Childish behaviour or wilful attitudes were thoroughly deplored. He was expected to devote himself actively to a boy's principal task—learning.

Few parents have had a child so apt to their purpose, so willing or so eager to tread in the paths marked for him.

Macaulay possessed a formidable mental equipment in which the most outstanding and remarkable gift was his photographic memory. After having read *Paradise Lost* twice, he could recite without fault the bulk of the poem. He himself said that if Shakespeare's works were to have been destroyed, he could have reproduced them entirely from memory. A memory of such proportions naturally strengthened Macaulay's self-confidence: on questions of fact he was always right; time and time again he triumphed over less exact men. Such a faculty fed his self-assertiveness, and, as he believed that his judgment was based on knowledge, he had few doubts about the validity of his attitudes. A powerful sense of certainty pervades all that Macaulay wrote and there can be little doubt that this was strengthened by the absolute accuracy of the facts which he could recollect.

Yet essentially Macaulay's was a selective memory controlled and exercised by those preconceptions which were the very fibres of his personality. The facts were fitted into his pattern of judgment. They demonstrated the virtues of liberty and progress or they could be used to show the iniquity of those men who tried to oppose their development. Facts never became the object of imaginative exercise. Macaulay never tried to feel through them, irrespective of judgment, to the reality of times alien to his own world. He remembered what was useful to his own sharp, confident vision. The irrelevant was, however, meaningless to him. His memory was neither the stimulator of curiosity nor its servant; it was a weapon of didacticism.

A fabulous memory was not the only outstanding quality of Macaulay's intellectual make-up. He possessed an immense appetite for learning.

As soon as he could read, he was wolfing down universal histories, plays, sermons, poems, classics. He mastered languages with ease and delighted in mathematical exercises—throughout his life he had a passion for doing long arithmetical calculations in his head. To memory and appetite was added order. There was nothing ragged or diffuse about Macaulay's interests. He quickly reduced his knowledge to a system. His earliest essays, even his earliest letters are remarkable for the lucidity of their arrangement and the aptness of the facts and quotations used to illustrate his arguments. And finally to this impressive list of intellectual qualities must be added a sense of style as personal as it was powerful. At the age of five, a servant of Lady Waldegrave's scalded his legs with hot coffee and when asked some minutes later how he did, he replied "Thank you, Madame, the agony has somewhat abated." And for the rest of his life his style remained formal, balanced, and frequently pompous. His public performances, either in essays or in speeches, were also loaded with erudition, yet he was never dull. All that he had to say was too pungent, too vigorous, and too decided to allow a reader's interest to decay.

Macaulay, was, therefore, extravagantly well endowed. He possessed a mind of exceptional range and almost incredible accuracy. His intellectual energy displayed volcanic force, but the rapid, almost torrential, flow of his thought was confined by a strict sense of form and order. Few men have been equipped with Macaulay's ability to reduce a complex mass of fact and argument to a clear and lucid exposition. And yet these qualities were matched by weaknesses which have grown more apparent with time.

III

Macaulay's emotional make-up was exceedingly simple; as simple as his mind was complex. Although in his journal he left a detailed record of his daily feelings, it is almost devoid of those emotional experiences which provide the structure of most men's lives. Macaulay was never in love. His strongest attachment was to his family. When his sister, Hannah, decided to marry, he was surprised, pained, and then resigned to the separation, realizing his own obtuse folly in never having considered such a possibility. That blow was probably the most grievous personal loss that he ever experienced and he adjusted himself to it very quickly. Time and time again in his diary he refers with pleasure to the sustained happiness of his life. On his fiftieth birthday he wrote "Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that anybody whom I have seen close, has had a happier. Some things I regret; but, on the

whole, who is better off? I have no children of my own, it is true; but I have children whom I love as if they were my own, and who, I believe, love me. I wish that the next ten years may be as happy as the last ten. But I rather wish it than hope it." His last sentence refers to his fear of death, one of his only terrors throughout his early life. He could, however, have "hoped it" for this fear weakened as death itself approached and he met it with the same serenity with which he lived so much of his life.

Yet although there was an inner core of tranquillity, Macaulay was not devoid of strong feeling. He was insatiably ambitious and when writing his *History* he was constantly preoccupied with speculations as to how it would be regarded in the year 2000 or 3000. He thoroughly savoured and enjoyed the great fame which came to him and felt that it was a proper reward for his unflagging industry and his concentration of purpose. Furthermore his feelings about public affairs or individuals could be intense: the reform of Parliament, the abolition of slavery, the duties of Englishmen in India, or Byron, Boswell, or Horace Walpole—all aroused in him strong feelings. Heredity, education, and temperament gave him a bias towards decided moral attitudes in which powerful feeling was blended with absolute certainty of right or wrong. This moral passion in Macaulay, so much in tune with the atmosphere of his age, sprang very largely from the simplicity of his own feelings. It was easy for him to condemn Byron for his sexually disordered life; after all, he had never known Byron's temptations. The lack of any sympathy with the strong, surging, animal passions which could destroy and ruin men, was a serious defect in a man who aspired to be an historian of genius. Yet the fault lay deeper than this. It was not the moral weaknesses of men such as Boswell and Byron that disturbed Macaulay so profoundly. There was a deeper jealousy at work.

Both in character and in intellect Macaulay was in the last analysis a simple man—simple and lucid—no matter how intricate the surface machinery might appear to be. On occasion he could be hot and choleric yet always about surface matters. He lacked the roots of life, sexual passion, and the sense of tragedy that it arouses—the biting, painful sense of the transience of living and loving men. Oddly enough the cool-tempered Gibbon, so much more detached from life than Macaulay, felt these things much more strongly. At the heart of Macaulay's being there was immaturity, an inhibition of passion which led him to distrust it in other men. But unfortunately for Macaulay creative energy is usually fertilized by the chaos of passionate life—not always, but frequently. Consequently Macaulay never penetrates to the heart of human

existence. His attempts at poetry are dreadfully banal—the metrical exercises of a clever boy in which the emotional situations have been taken from literature and not from life.[3] The same sterility, the same artificiality of feeling, is present in most of the great descriptive passages of his History. Although his account of the seige of Londonderry is a *tour de force* of narrative skill, the human figures are two-dimensional, conventional characters, lacking the convincing reality which a more imaginative and creative writer would have given them.

The banality and limitation of Macaulay's emotional range was one of the grave faults of character which weakened his powers as a writer, but it was not the only one. Creative thinking often works very mysteriously, one might almost say in darkness. Suddenly there is a moment of illumination; inconsistencies are resolved, interrelations discovered, and a new vision of reality received. In Macaulay's mind, however, there was no darkness, no obscurity, no inconsistency, nothing unrelated. Everything was lucid and certain. Macaulay lacked doubt; lacked the confused, groping, searching mind which is often so much more creative, except perhaps in mathematics, than a mind of absolute clarity. And, paradoxically enough, though Macaulay loved facts, he did not possess a really enquiring mind. At first sight that may seem a fantastic statement, yet it is true. Macaulay took pleasure in being accurate, yet he did not love facts for their own sake, but merely to arrange them in patterns to his own satisfaction. The patterns were those of a conventional and accepting mind. He viewed the Revolution of 1688 as did the average Whig reader of his day. His vast learning became merely a brilliant illustration of commonplace ideas, for his ideas were rarely formed by his knowledge. His knowledge decorated his convictions. He saw the seventeenth century in terms of his own political beliefs, and in terms of his own morality; and he was quite content to do so. This, of course, was a crippling handicap to an historian for it produced satisfaction and decision too quickly. Lacking curiosity and suspicion, Macaulay had little or no interest in ferreting out facts for their own sake. The hope of a new or startling revelation never sent him searching in strange places for new sources. Compared with other great nineteenth-century historians he added remarkably little that was new to our knowledge of the past. Accepting too easily facts which suited his didactic argument, Macaulay committed grave errors of scholarship. Forster, Paget, and Spedding had little difficulty in marshalling convincing evidence against judgments that Macaulay had made with too great confidence on too little evidence.

This severe limitation of curiosity in Macaulay to the accumulation of the knowledge which he wanted, was responsible for his greatest weakness as an historian: his lack of grasp of the intricacy of human character and his over-confident judgment of it. True, his own emotional deficiencies had severely restricted his experience of the dark, passionate, tumultuous side of life, yet often creative men have lived lives as quiet as Macaulay's. They, however, have been haunted by imagination, or known the jungles buried in their own hearts, so that they were able to appreciate the difficulties and confusions of more active men. But for Macaulay the precepts of morality were as clear as those of politics and as simple. The complexity of character was lost on him and he depicted the men and women of his *History* and *Essays* in simple terms of good and bad. He never sought beyond the obvious. In consequence, Macaulay was far more successful in describing action or political debate than he was in portraying human beings.

Macaulay was, therefore, a man of formidable learning, fluent, confident, decisive in his judgments. But beneath a powerful intellect there lay a simple, rather childlike, heart. Although he was a thrusting, ambitious man with a muscular, forceful mind, yet in certain fields of human experience he was curiously opaque. His lack of subtlety or of real creative depth proved to be no obstacle to his success. The men and women of his time loved to hear certainties; confidence was a part of the air they breathed.

IV

Although as a child Macaulay had spent hours writing vast verse dramas and world histories, it proved quite impossible for him as a young man to follow a literary career. Indeed, though he wrote a good deal, he probably did not in his early youth desire such a career. Precise scholarship did not appeal to him; and he was drawn irresistibly to politics where his intellectual capacities and immoderate fluency were bound to make him famous as well as redoubtable. His success was immediate, and within a short time he could fill the House of Commons as no other speaker could. He was no debater, no orator in the usual sense. He spoke in a loud, clear, unmodulated voice without gesture. One of the parliamentary reporters of the time described his manner in these terms.

> Vehemence of thought, vehemence of language, vehemence of manner were his chief characteristics. The listener might almost fancy he heard ideas and words gurgling in the speaker's throat for priority of utterance. There was

nothing graduated, or undulating, about him. He plunged at once into the heart of the matter, and continued his loud resounding pace from beginning to end, without halt or pause. This vehemence and volume made Macaulay the terror of the reporters; and, when he engaged in a subject outside their ordinary experience, they were fairly nonplussed by the display of names and dates, and titles. He was not a long-winded speaker. In fact, his earnestness was so great that it would have failed under a very long effort.[4]

Although he became one of the great speakers of the Commons, he was not, considering his abilities, a successful politician. He quickly lost his Tory principles, much to his father's regret, and became an ardent disciple of moderate Whig reform. He had no use for Brougham whom he considered to be an immoral, as well as a dangerous, radical. He strongly disapproved of Socialist or Jacobin sentiments—indeed he detested Wordsworth's *Prelude* because he thought its political implications too revolutionary. He believed passionately in orderly progress, gradual reform, and in the ultimate triumph of technology through liberal education. He was convinced that it was England's singular destiny to disseminate these virtues through the world. For Macaulay the 1851 exhibition was the crowning glory of human achievement. He wrote in his diary of his visit to the Crystal Palace, "I made my way into the building; a most gorgeous sight; vast; graceful; beyond the dream of the Arabian romances. I cannot think that the Caesars ever exhibited a more splendid spectacle. I was quite dazzled, and I felt as I did on entering St. Peter's." This was the demonstration of England's industrial majesty, the final justification of the long struggle for civil and religious liberty. "The history of England," declared Macaulay, "is emphatically the history of progress" and by progress he meant what he saw about him in the Great Exhibition—material progress—for he believed that the amelioration of the conditions in which man lived made him more virtuous. Macaulay saw in Francis Bacon the first great exponent of this empirical philosophy and he realized that many would mock him for his materialist outlook. "Some people," he wrote, "may take the object of the Baconian philosophy a low object but they cannot deny that, high or low, it has been attained." And after dismissing ancient philosophy as sterile and useless, he hammers home in a passionate, breathless passage the victories of empirical philosophy.

> It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has

guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow.[5]

This outlook has been criticized as philistine, blinkered, nerveless, unimaginative. At the time that Macaulay was beginning his praise, Carlyle, Disraeli, and others were brooding over the suffering and poverty which the Industrial Revolution had brought into being—a fact which many observers were quick to seize on. Aesthetes and philosophers deplored the frank materialism of Macaulay's outlook and modern commentators have not been much more sympathetic. Professor Geyl, Macaulay's most perceptive critic, maintains that this "religion of progress" prevented Macaulay from being a really great historian. "That feeling," he writes, "of absolute certainty about the superiority of the present and about the unqualified beneficence of the gradual increase of the technical and scientific knowledge at the disposal of mankind . . . must lead the historian to view the past in terms which may be entirely irrelevant and result in a picture lacking in the truth of intimacy . . . to my way of thinking, however stimulating and instructive and powerfully intelligent I may find Macaulay's work, this mental attitude toward the past is in the deepest sense unhistoric."[6] Since Macaulay wrote the prevalent mood of European society has been one of doubt if not of despair—at least in literary and philosophic circles—and it is a mood that naturally enough is deeply antipathetic to Macaulay's own.

And yet in what way was Macaulay wrong? The material progress of mankind is the one certain, glorious triumph which no one can deny. Treating history polemically, and it can be treated polemically, Macaulay was quite right, incontrovertibly right, and in no way unhistorical except in so far as he attributed a conscious and deliberate purpose to man's evolution. But history can be more than polemics: it is also a quest for reality in which suffering, ignorance, folly, decay, and failure are as valid as happiness, knowledge, wisdom, growth and success. These are the realms which more imaginative and sensitive historians,

such as Ranke or Burkhardt, have made their own, and because their works have recreated a more complex and accurate reality, their scholarship is both more profound and more durable. Yet unsubtle, dogmatic, and philistine as Macaulay was, he still has the best of the argument. Man's prime reason for self-congratulation is his triumph over the material universe.

For Macaulay life and history were all of a piece, the unfolding pattern of virtue, justice, progress. A gigantic, if naïve, faith infused his attitude to present politics as well as to the historic past. The same direct, materialistic commonsense made him very effective on specific political issues, but it rendered him too unyielding, too unsupple for the shifty world of high politics, where more imagination and more sense of reality would have served him better. Although he reached cabinet rank before he was forty (as Secretary of War), his greatest achievement in public life was not in politics but in administration during his residence in India as a member of the Supreme Council, particularly the time that he spent as President of the Commission of Public Instruction and afterwards as President of the Law Commission.

The tasks which Macaulay tackled while he held these posts in India were completely commensurate with his abilities. His minute on Indian Education is a masterly summary of the complexity of native languages, customs, and educational methods, and the difficulties which would face India unless a common language were found to meet the needs of a more uniform and complex administration and of the growth of technology. He then planned a scheme of education, primary, secondary, and technical, including the production of qualified teachers; as might be expected his attention to detail was absolute and reached down to text-books and grammars. As President of the Law Commission he set about reducing the wild chaos of Indian customary law and argued strongly for the introduction of the principles of British justice, with the consequence that one of the greatest benefits conferred by the British on India has been a reasonably unified, coherent, and wise system of law. The brilliance of Macaulay's administrative ability is thus partly responsible for the excellence of Indian education and justice. On these questions the strength of his mind and character had full play; his weaknesses were of no importance. A comprehensive factual knowledge and a sense of relevance were more apt than creative imagination or a knowledge of fellow men and women. And his empirical philosophy was fully justified.

V

Politics and administration provided large opportunities for the exercise of Macaulay's singular talents; the majority of men might have been content with his achievements and the rewards which they brought. Undeniably they gave Macaulay deep satisfaction, but curiously enough they proved in the end inadequate. He had never ceased to be drawn to literature; he had started to scribble as a child and he could not stop. From the age of 24 he wrote regularly for the *Edinburgh Review*, and what he contributed was so novel, so exciting, that his reputation was quickly made. Macaulay in his very first essay used the pretext of a review to write a short biography of the subject of the book under discussion—in this case, Milton.

Biography had not, in Macaulay's day, become an important, regular part of the yearly output of books. Apart from Boswell's *Johnson* it was still largely a matter of short memorial sermons or pamphlets or huge and tedious compilations of ill-edited letters and memoirs.[7] In his essays Macaulay provided something quite new and original. Usually after a few paragraphs displaying the profound ignorance of the author's knowledge of his subject, and of course the superiority of Macaulay's, he settled down to give a short biographical sketch in which his judgments were as rapid, authoritative, and final as the style was flamboyant and pungent. As Macaulay could compress a massive quantity of material into a short space and without the least confusion or congestion, he was able to give a remarkably comprehensive account not only of a man, but of the time in which he lived. Macaulay in these essays set out deliberately to startle the mind and he sought paradox rather than avoided it. He wrote them too with magnificent journalistic verve—once read, never forgotten. To give some idea of their flavour here is a passage on Horace Walpole:

> The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little. Serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business. To chat with bluestockings, to write little copies of complimentary verses on little occasions, to superintend a private press, to preserve from natural decay the perishable topics of Ranelagh and White's, to record divorces and bets, Miss Chudleigh's absurdities and George Selwyn's good sayings, to decorate a grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney-boards, to match odd gauntlets, to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground, these were the grave employments of his long

life. From these he turned to politics as to an amusement. After the labours of the print-shop and the auction-room, he unbent his mind in the House of Commons. And, having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits, to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel.

In everything in which Walpole busied himself, in the fine arts, in literature, in public affairs, he was drawn by some strange attraction from the great to the little, and from the useful to the odd. The politics in which he took the keenest interest, were politics scarcely deserving of the name. The growlings of George the Second, the flirtations of Princess Emily with the Duke of Grafton, the amours of Prince Frederic and Lady Middlesex, the squabbles between Gold Stick in waiting and the Master of the Buckhounds, the disagreements between the tutors of Prince George, these matters engaged almost all the attention which Walpole could spare from matters more important still, from bidding for Zinckes and Petitots, from cheapening fragments of tapestry and handles of old lances, from joining bits of painted glass, and from setting up memorials of departed cats and dogs. While he was fetching and carrying the gossip of Kensington Palace and Carlton House, he fancied that he was engaged in politics, and when he recorded that gossip, he fancied that he was writing history.[8]

Rarely before had the public been regaled with such language or treated to the opinions of a scholar so absolutely confident of the morality and wisdom of his judgments. Naturally his essays brought him great popularity and his literary fame grew as he made his way in the world of politics. Macaulay himself, however, did not set great store by these essays: he did not realize that he was helping to create a new taste for short, vivid biographical studies and he himself thought of his work as being merely ephemeral. Yet he drew a deeper satisfaction from these brief excursions into literature than he did from most of his public activities and the fortunate combination of a valuable legacy with his defeat at the General Election of 1847, brought about his decision to retire from politics and devote himself entirely to history. The last twelve years of his life were spent in writing a *History of England* from 1688 to the nineteenth century. It was planned on a monumental scale to challenge comparison with the world's greatest historians—Thucydides, Herodotus, and the rest—for Macaulay's ambition was as grandiose as his conception.

He failed even to complete the reign of William III and he was honest enough to admit that his work fell short of the highest achievements in the writing of history. Nevertheless, it remains one of the great historical works in the English language, second only to Gibbon's. And

probably at no time in his life could Macaulay have written a better one, for by the time he settled down to write his history his mind was formed, his style perfected, and his experience completed. His beliefs were straightforward yet unshakable. He put his trust in those same virtues which his evangelical father and mother had bred in him: honesty, loyalty, charity, industry, and absolute respect for the Christian ideals of marriage and family life. If a man lied, took bribes, dabbled in treason, or fornicated, he was a bad man, so Shaftesbury and Marlborough were bad men; an occasional peccadillo, especially if discreet, could be forgiven, as William III was forgiven for having a mistress, but the combination of immorality and chicanery to be found in a Shaftesbury was too much for Macaulay. These simple black and white judgments are couched in absolute terms: the *need* in a Shaftesbury or a James II for the life that they led is never explored.

Macaulay's characters, however, had to pass more than moral tests. They were required to have discovered the right side in politics. Macaulay believed that the prosperity, liberty, and political freedom of his own time was the result of those seventeenth-century struggles between King and Parliament, between Church and Puritan, and between Tory and Whig. Prosperity and imperial greatness marched with liberty, toleration, and Whig doctrine. William, Prince of Orange, became the embodiment of the good—the hero of the Victorian world and a maker of the nation. Although this estimate contains more truth, perhaps, than many modern critics of Macaulay would allow, it is altogether too simple, too *determined* to carry conviction. It leaves out the muddled, chaotic, stumbling nature of human activity, and in doing so distracts rather than clarifies the reality which Macaulay hoped to depict. And of course he is baffled, totally baffled, by a character as complex as the 2nd Earl of Sunderland who, after acting as James II's confidant almost to the Revolution, reappears shortly after it as the trusted adviser of William III himself.

To some extent historical events, too, had to be forced into the same mechanical pattern and they are judged by Macaulay as men are judged, according to whether they aided or thwarted the Whig cause. It was quite impossible for him to see that the Tories were largely responsible for the Revolution of 1688 although the facts stared him in the face. Indeed for a modern scholar his history of political management is naïve and jejeune, weak in analysis, and unscholarly in detail. He attempted the impossible task of forcing the politics of William's reign into a rigid dichotomy of Whig versus Tory. Once more his love of

clarity bedevilled the truth. He would have men and events clear cut and therefore got them wrong. The rigidity of his intellect and the simplicity of his heart are implicit in almost every page that he wrote.

Glaring as these faults are, the *History* remains a great book. By the time Macaulay was forty-seven he was naturally fully aware of his literary abilities. He knew that he possessed admirable skill in narrative, for his fabulous and accurate memory and his disciplined schematic mind could hold the complete, detailed story that he wished to tell, ready for his pen. His great set pieces, like the Siege of Londonderry or the Massacre of Glencoe, were written straight out of his head, once he had digested and memorized his materials. This, of course, gave them a wonderful fluency and unity. And although he frequently altered his words and rewrote considerably, he never had to verify the detail which he knew with such absolute certainty.

Furthermore, he had developed his style to the point where it was a complete reflection of his thought and feeling so that the full flavour of his truculent, virile personality could be savoured in every paragraph. Few historians have been so easy to read or so easy to remember once read. The authority with which he wrote induced a ready acceptance of his vision of history in the mind of his reader. Also his great intellectual powers and his personal experience of politics enabled him to recreate the political debates of William's reign in a way which can, perhaps, never be bettered. He gives the excitement of a battle to the struggles in the Commons. In some aspects of his history, too, Macaulay showed great originality. He realized from his knowledge of his own times that the political structure of a country is deeply influenced by its economic interests and by the pattern of its society, so he devoted considerable space to depicting the social habits of the late Stuart times and gave many pages, and very admirable ones, to the foundation of the Bank of England and the Recoinage.

In spite of all the criticism which can be levelled against it, the *History* remains a great work of literature and scholarship. And so do Macaulay's essays. In a hundred years England has not produced an historian of his stature. He was an intellectual giant and although he lacked the imagination, the poetry, the sense of tragedy which is present in the very greatest writers, these were almost all that he lacked. Every other quality that a great writer needs he possessed in abundance: he was able to project his mind and personality into words so forcibly that his history has become a part of our common heritage. And what some choose to regard as his prejudices command both admiration and

respect. He believed in liberal virtues and had faith in man's capacity to control and order not only history but the world about him. Although this led him to many false and intolerant judgments, they should not blind critics to the basic truth of Macaulay's conviction. In the material world in which he took such optimistic delight, man has made undeniable progress by the use of those qualities that Macaulay possessed in such abundance—memory, order, intelligence.

NOTES

1 Sir George Otto Trevelyan, *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (World's Classics ed.), II, 173.

2 In this context it is worth noting Acton's dictum, "Resist your time—take a foothold outside it." G. L. Kochan, *Acton on History*, 36.

3 Macaulay did write one poem which displays a certain tender, heartfelt sensibility of both thought and language—a poem about a Jacobite, whose theme, appropriately enough, is the poignancy of exile from home.

> To my true King I offered free from stain
> Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain,
> For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
> And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
> For him I languished in a foreign clime,
> Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
> Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees
> And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees.

4 Trevelyan, *Life*, II, 87.

5 T. B. Macaulay, *Critical and Historical Essays* (Everyman ed.), II, 375–6.

6 P. Geyl, *Debates with Historians* (The Hague, 1955), 27.

7 There were exceptions. The works of Archdeacon Coxe, a far too neglected historian, were quite scholarly biographies, and these works mark the beginning of the modern historical biography as Macaulay's essays mark the beginning of popular biography.

8 T. B. Macaulay, *Essays*, I, 332–3.

Trends and Symbols in Contemporary German Fiction

H. Boeschenstein

At the end of the war, once the publishing ban had been lifted, German fiction poured forth in steadily increasing volume. After a survey of the first decade of resumed literary activities it can be stated that the promise of the late nineteen-forties has been largely fulfilled by subsequent achievements. Credit for this must go to a number of younger talents or at least new names. The share of those writers whose reputation was well established before the advent of National Socialism is by no means impressive. Hermann Hesse has attended to his garden and left literature alone. One can sympathize with those who wish that Ernst Wiechert had done the same. Ernst Jünger, never a novelist of compelling imaginative power, has gone from bad—*Heliopolis*—to worse—*Besuch auf Godenholm*. Hans Carossa in *Der Tag des jungen Arztes* and Ina Seidel with *Das unverwesliche Erbe* have to be sure enhanced their prestige as cultivated writers in the humanistic tradition, but they have done so by skirting around, as it was their right to do, the problems of post-war Germany. The same is true of Werner Bergengruen. Even if his recent works, *Der Starost, Der letzte Rittmeister*, and *Die Rittmeisterin*, show him in complete control of form and thought, they have their roots in a soil which barely registers the tremors of the Second World War. Younger novelists may covet nothing more ardently than the wholesome attitude and serene acceptance of the world which Bergengruen has reached, but they have to get there at their own pace, and the pace is slowed down by huge barriers of rubble. It is different with Thomas Mann, who always managed to set his sails to the trade winds of the literary climate. The last work to come from his pen, *Felix Krull*, is no exception and will be dealt with briefly in its proper place, that of contemporary trends and symbols.

By and large the concerns of present-day German fiction are with the contemporary scene. There are, of course, a few writers of historical novels whom nothing, least of all the history of their own time, can distract from an interest in the love affairs of Cleopatra or the financial plight of Charles V. Vinzenz Erath, on the other hand, has delved into his childhood, with obvious inspiration from Carosssa and, admittedly, from Raabe, to write movingly of the strength of Catholic belief in moulding rural life before the First World War, and Hans Löscher has made Protestantism the leaven of destiny. The desire to avoid contemporary problems and to be entertaining, in contrast to the obsession of others with the resurgence of spiritual values, is almost blatantly manifest in a handful of picaresque novels, notably those by Martin Schips. The latter, a Swiss, may have felt free from any obligation to German concerns, but some German novels take the same road of escape. *In der grossen Drift* by Rudolf Krämer-Badoni belongs among them, and so does A. V. Thelen's best-seller *Die Insel des zweiten Gesichts*, in spite of the fact that the bulk of the material they both consume was thrown up by the pre-war and war years. But these and other exceptions merely attest to the dominant urge of German fiction to cope with post-war afflictions, even if style and composition swerve sharply away from realism.

Rumour has it that the first publisher to see Theodor Plievier's *Stalingrad* returned the manuscript with the terse stricture that, while it was packed with raw material, it failed to satisfy artistic expectations. Another publisher is said to have had rejection slips printed bearing the laconic information: no demand for actualities. They were both wrong, as *Stalingrad*, once it was published, proved. Soon enough a popular craving for just such books seems to have prompted a steady supply of autobiographical novels conjuring up the horrors which their readers had themselves gone through. By putting the fictional segments together we obtain a fairly complete map of the geographical area over which the Germans, by choice or cruel fate, had to enact the drama of their *hubris* and destruction. In another sense, however, this panorama is visibly deficient. The fragments all bear the stamp of defeat, of defeat conceded and sometimes of defeat anticipated and welcomed. Even where the starting point of the events related pre-dates the war, or the time when the fortunes of war began to turn, the impression is mostly of souls in anguish praying for the day of defeat and deliverance.

It was only natural that all ink, after 1945, should have streamed down on that one side of the great divide. No publisher would have

wanted or received permission to print a novel in which the days of victory were glorified or nostalgically remembered. What has happened to the manuscripts—of which quite a few must have been extant—that were written in the heyday of world-conquest? The winter of 1947, with its lack of fuel, must have consumed some of them, while others have no doubt been tucked away for future use. May the day never come, not even for a creditable piece of craftsmanship, when the years of Hitlerism will be romanticized. There are no signs of it, so far, and the truculence, mainly directed against the American forces of occupation, in some sections of Ernst von Salomon's *Fragebogen* remains an isolated instance.

This first wave of German fiction, from 1946 on, deals, as has been said, with defeat; it travels on the road of retreat, on many roads. We can accompany the soldiers on their rush home from almost any scene of the far-flung war theatre, and we have a choice of vehicles—trucks, tanks and aeroplanes; though there is usually a sudden stop when we are ordered to get out and continue *per pedes apostolorum*. Gerd Gaiser's *Die sterbende Jagd* tells of the break-up of the *Luftwaffe* in the Northwest. With Heinrich Böll's *Wo warst du Adam* we shake off the dust of the Balkans, Franz Tumler's *Heimfahrt* negotiates surrender to the Americans. Jürgen Rausch, in *In einer Stunde wie dieser*, sets out from Italy. Hans J. Lange, attempting in *Die Mauer von Mallare* the same road of return, succeeds in dissociating himself from his Italian friends turned enemies, but falls short of his goal and into captivity. What is perhaps the most arduous path to freedom was travelled by the hero of J. M. Bauer's *So weit die Füsse tragen*, from the lead mines near the Bering Straits to the Russian-Persian border. Most of the others report on short sections of their retreat from Russia, for instance Willi Heinrich in *Das geduldige Fleisch* or Gert Ledig in *Die Stalinorgel*. Curt Hohoff in *Woina, Woina* is one of the few to reach his homeland; there is no escape from the *Kesselschlacht* Herbert Zand describes in *Letzte Ausfahrt*, or from the *Stalingrad* of Plievier. Here the march is into captivity—just as good an opportunity to accept defeat and start the inward journey of moral stock-taking. Erhart Kästner's *Zeltbuch von Tumilad* is the best account of such soul-searching by a prisoner of war, to which Reinhart Stalmann's *Die Kavaliere von Kanada* is no real counterpart, relying as it does on the excitement caused by a prison-break prepared and successfully staged. The redeeming feature of this book is its honest admission of fair treatment at the hands of the Canadian captors, unfortunately and unjustifiably underscored at the expense of American rudeness and bungling.

The trials and tribulations of the civilian population are equally well covered, with one exception. There is no novel, as far as we know, to commemorate the sufferings of those most helpless victims of state-organized brutality: the Jews languishing away in concentration camps or awaiting worse, and the foreign workers kept in German bondage during the war. Was there no survivor among the former to tell the tale? There can't have been very many, though we have heard of a few of them. The courage of German publishers to take a novel of that kind admits of no doubt, so we must assume that none was written or offered. We get glimpses of such sufferings in the lives of the outcasts who appear in Elisabeth Langgässer's *Märkische Argonautenfahrt* and Ilse Aichinger's *Die grössere Hoffnung*. To help fill out the picture we have Milo Dor—a Yugoslav writing in German—who has recapitulated in *Tote auf Urlaub* his days or years in the torture chamber when Belgrade was under German occupation. On the other hand, the fact that dramatic reports and epic canvasses of the treks of German expellees—such as that of Karl Götz, *Wenn die Hoffnung nicht wär*, of Ruth Hoffmann, *Die schlesische Barmherzigkeit*, and Hanne Stephan, *Engel, Menschen und Dämonen*—soon began to wring German hearts must not make us jump to unwarranted conclusions. If they go into all the lurid details of their own hardships without much thought of a possible justice and retribution decreed by history, other writers with a wider perspective have corrected the balance. For the novels dealing with life in Germany during the war quite often do read into the plight of the civilian population an inevitable squaring of accounts. Not perhaps Hugo Hartung, whose last weeks in besieged and conquered Breslau, recorded for posterity in *Der Himmel war unten*, were too crowded with incident to leave time for repentance, but Hans Werner Richter's *Sie fielen aus Gottes Hand* and even more Bruno Werner's *Die Galeere* are filled with characters for whom the bombs raining on Germany restore belief in justice and herald the coming of the liberators.

A few of the novels mentioned are of the chronicle type, but the majority of them contribute to a most lively stream of critical assessment and cultural discussion. For the chief task of literature was taken to be that of testing ideas, projecting new patterns of life, and rendering first aid to all the confused stragglers who tried to reorientate themselves in the Western world. A most urgent need for spiritual help explains the eagerness on the part of the writers to proffer assistance. Moreover, we must not forget that art and literature for a decade or longer had been thwarted in the performance of their vital functions, and the drive with which the latter was resumed, even to excess, becomes under-

standable. The last few years have seen no abatement in the fervour of discussion, though a purely discursive method and its formal equivalent, the *Diskussionsroman*, the novel of discussion, have been superseded by artistic configurations of living characters and concrete events. The main themes, however, have not changed much, or changed only in the logical sense of evolving in greater variety from an original set of basic problems. It is for this reason that contemporary German novels show a marked tendency to grow in clusters around certain themes and symbols. It goes without saying that this trend is shared by Austrian writers, but it is also discernible among some Swiss who have volunteered to help solve the German problem.

The theme of spiritual revival, with cultural restoration as one of its corollaries, deserves pride of place; so, too, its concrete image and visible symbol is more frequently encountered than any other. It is not for want of a better word that we call this symbol Noah's Ark. The novelists themselves often suggest it, either by allusion and comparison or by actually making the carpenters bustle about and nail the boards together, as Marianne Langewiesche does in *Der Oelzweig*. Times were bound to evoke the ark symbol; the coming of Hitlerism was too much like the rising of the biblical flood, and the attempt to save the treasures of tradition from the barbarians too precarious a task to be symbolized by anything less risky than the improvised ship of Noah. Novelists who, like Stefan Andres in *Die Sintflut* or H. A. Moser in *Vineta*, reconstruct those fateful years of spreading totalitarianism in the literary retort, invariably provide for some sanctuary where courageous and conscientious men and women can meet, pledge themselves to fortitude, and store the best of their cultural heritage away, often in arks no larger than their heads. There was hardly any need to underscore the significance of this safe-keeping for future reference by inserting as Andres does in *Sintflut*, the actual tale of Noah. Memories of the ancient ark emerge as a matter of course. A secluded place where the outrages of the new rulers can be talked over, without fear of spies—such as the kitchen of a roofmaker in Richter's *Sie fielen aus Gottes Hand*, the mountain hut in Jürgen Rausch's novel mentioned above, the sick-room in Manfred Hausmann's *Liebende leben von der Vergebung*, the cell of a nun in Fritz von Unruh's *Die Heilige*, and best of all, the nooks and corners of prisons and detention camps—can be made to serve the purpose of an intellectual clearing station and ark. Ideas and emotions may here be tucked away to await the day when the flood has receded and the sower of a brighter future will step ashore. The opportunity to have

leisure for reassessing the situation, determining the causes of barbarism, and plotting a course by which its recurrence will be averted is cherished beyond any other experience. Hence the contention, heard now and then, that he who has not spent some time in captivity is not qualified to discuss the exigencies of modern man.

At times one is almost amused by the eager argumentation of so many philosophers and would-be saviours of the occident and their ability to turn a celler or hayloft into a makeshift *agora*. Kästner's *Zeltbuch*, while not purporting to be a faithful mirror of conditions in a POW camp, yet draws heavily on the latter. But are we to believe that conversation steadfastly avoided wine and women and touched upon song only on the higher levels of symphonic music? The camps with their wide assortment of characters offered perfect settings for classical story-telling. Boccaccio did not have a better one. Nor can there have been any lack of material of the stranger than fiction type. But whenever one of these low-brows walks in on a talk feast of the kind described, smacking his lips for a good story, he is quickly given to understand that the agenda are reserved for Plato, Spinoza, Heidegger, the doctrine of Grace and the problem of radical Evil, and that his wares are not wanted. H. E. Holthusen in 1951 referred scornfully to this deep-talk trend which he mistook for an escape into theology. It was, as a matter of fact, an ardent search for the fundamental requirements of civilization, with religious faith, or better, faith in a meaningful universe, and the question of justice receiving top priority.

In these discussions easy solutions, exhortations to flock back into the traditional religious fold and find that all will be well again, are spurned. Organized Christianity we have had for nearly 2000 years, one of the characters in Andres' *Sintflut* states, and goes on to say that it was accompanied by endless internecine strife. Who is to guarantee that this sad performance would not be repeated? The novelists tell us that the very foundation of our religion needs re-examination and that their concern is with the problem of faith, and not with any particular creed. Christianity imposes too stern a set of rules for our daily conduct, Agthe sighs and wonders whether perhaps by dint of a strong will and by limiting ourselves to simple deeds of kindness we may not slowly ascend the steep hill. Heinz Risse in *So frei von Schuld* takes his soundings at a still greater depth. Why was Christ so anxious to redeem our sins but not to alleviate suffering? Could it be that God did not realize what the expulsion from paradise involved in terms of human hardships? Or must we assume that the Devil is as powerful as God; or

worse, that they are one and the same? It is not far, from here, into Elisabeth Langgässer's apocalyptic world with its demons and devils holding the fate of mankind in the balance. The despair of younger writers is, however, not final, not something morbidly enjoyed. Hope of release from its clutches prevails, ways and means are sought to lay in a stock of faith in a purposeful universe. Such confidence, according to Jürgen Rausch, cannot be obtained rationally, its apprehension requires special organs which in most of us have to be re-sensitized. He proposes an exercise like this: proceed not *folgernd*, deductively, but *folgend*, obediently; act as if you were believing, and belief may begin to stir. Belief in what? Not, of course, in dogma or religious metaphysics, but in the existence of a benign power animating the universe. His ultimate advice is that we must draw inspiration from actual experience of kindness; a good deed we have witnessed will induce more faith than all the Christian apologetics. The final struggle—so drastically enacted in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's *Der Verdacht*, where a materialist doctor is confronted by a confident humanist—is between a brutally egotistical inclination and a kind-hearted disposition. What is basically at stake is an attitude in which man's *a priori* belief in the value of existence gropes for a dependable anchorage for its convictions.

Some of these philosophical and religious symposia draw on almost to the very end of a novel, others are terminated by a knock at the door, literally or figuratively speaking, with the camp commandant announcing release from imprisonment. The gate to freedom swings open and the philosophers can now put their carefully sifted ideas to the test of practical application. Readers had every right to expect a second wave of novels reporting on what Noah achieved after having come ashore. The tardiness with which fiction of this type appeared was as obvious as it was general. For the novels clustering around other themes and symbols revealed the same hesitancy.

We propose for a second group of novels the symbol of the rubble, more accurately the rubble of the city hall, with all the archives and filing cabinets buried underneath. Men came back from the war, women and children from their hide-outs, only to find homes and home-towns in shambles. If they had papers to identify themselves, there was no one to check their validity. A vexing situation if you insisted on being the person you were known as before, but a golden opportunity for those who wanted to write off their past, name, relatives, profession and all. Literature had long flirted with the concept of a stratified personality consisting of several selves that are capable of being reshuffled. The

dogmatic view of *individuum ineffabile* had, after all, been given complete literary coinage. Had not Paul Valéry said, "Je suis né plusieurs, je meurs un seul": I was born in the plural and shall die in the singular —meaning that society forces us to develop one particular self at the expense of all the others. Must this be so? Can we never go back on our choice and rebuild our lives around some other dominant bent or talent? Literature was more than ready to give multiple personality a try: conditions in 1945 provided the ignition for the floating fumes. Now that many people had succeeded in slipping into a new and to them more attractive personality the motif became both plausible and popular. Schizophrenia, fast on the way to becoming the representative mental ailment of our time, was discovered to have its controllable side and respectable usefulness—the latter within reservations, of course.

The theme of multiple personality, in the few years of its studied instrumentation, has been treated in a number of ways. Thomas Mann, had he lived to complete *Felix Krull*, would no doubt have pursued the literary fascination of the theme still further, with his eye on the playfulness it invites, the comic inventions it stimulates and the chameleon-like characters it allows. Felix is an early novice in the order of pluralistic personalities and an ardent defender of man's right to a "change of existence." We know why. Scoundrels like him carry a wardrobe of many aliases and prefer shedding one of their skins to surrendering their whole personality into the hands of the police. A more daring technical experiment was made by Heinrich Böll in his novel *Und sagte kein einziges Wort*. Instead of splitting his fictional characters he splits his own—or so it appears—by reporting on events, in alternating chapters, now from the point of view of the husband, now from that of his wife. This results in two ways of looking at one and the same environment, two solitudes, to use Rilke's expression, managing to coexist. The great success which this novel by a "four-eyed" author had was surpassed by Max Frisch's *Stiller*, which is again the story of a man setting out to have his changed identity legalized. The immense acclaim which the book received is well deserved as far as the artistic warp and woof is concerned, and more specifically the sparkling repartee, which ensues from a Stiller who claims to be Mr. White and the police who try to force him back into the Stiller mould. The philosophical implications, on the other hand—in this case the problem of rebirth—carry less weight and look like a concession which Frisch, a Swiss, probably thought he had to make to German readers. For the latter, a change in personality must have good reasons, ethical reasons, if possible; its best

justification stems from the desire to be of the greatest value to the task of reconstruction or spiritual revival. And here it is axiomatic that personal rebirth must precede national restoration.

One of the obvious benefits of delayed identification is the gain of time for solitude and contemplation. As long as you have no definite personality officialdom will find it hard to index you, put you into a construction gang, and march you off to where the *Wirtschaftswunder*, economic recovery, takes place. Multiple characters take a dim view of sweating for the well-being of a new class of capitalists. The symbol of this busy-body civilization is to them the alarm clock, and the latter has, according to Ernst Kreuder's Mr. X in *Herein ohne anzuklopfen*, killed even more people than the bottle. No hurry and no fear, this is the slogan of the returned officer in Agthe's *Der leere Lorbeer*; and one of his tricks to avoid premature hardening into personality is to take jobs only, and to steer clear of permanent positions and engagements. J. M. Bauer for similar reasons divides his hero in *Am anderen Morgen* into two halves; one is called Kiesel and restores old pictures, the other goes by the name of Silex and is an itinerant saxophone player. Two selves can scoop up and scrutinize more experience than one. Even so Kiesel-Silex runs the danger of being found out and reduced to registration-card size. As fortune has it, he becomes involved in a railway accident. He can shove his documents into the pocket of a casualty and walk away a free man, officially dead but as a matter of fact very much alive and eager to watch and think before he will decide who he is going to be. The amnesia victim in Werner Warsinsky's *Kimmerische Fahrt* is less expert in drawing the full benefit from his situation; he allows himself to be goaded, step by step, into the grooves of his former identity. Once he is back at the door of his parental home it is too late to retract. Death is all he now can choose, since he abhors identification with his former ego. At the opposite extreme there is the risk of wavering too long among the personalities offering themselves for adoption. Luise Rinser feels driven to reproach her principal character in *Mitte des Lebens* with just that: you have delayed too long identifying yourself with the best of the many characters at your disposal. Karl Bednarik, on the other hand, with an Austrian's courtesy to women, in *Der Tugendfall* enables the wife of two husbands (war conditions have caused this tangle) to step back and have the rare privilege of another choice. She turns away from both her real former liaisons and marries a crippled man, guided this time by her self which had not been consulted in the two former instances. The pluralistic organization of personality

is here turned to the best conceivable account, dedication to a better life. The forces set free by splitting the inner core are at once harnessed to a lofty goal. Christine Brückner achieves the same result with a different method; the banker in her novel *Ehe die Spuren verwehen* is able to displace his coarse-grained self by that of a woman he inadvertently killed. By acquainting himself with her posthumous biography he enters into and absorbs a deeply compassionate character.

Such changing conceptions of human personality were bound to affect fiction. They will continue to do so. The most forceful repercussions will be on literary psychology and on traditional biography. Bednarik may have overstated the case when he makes a character in *Zwischenfall in Wien* exclaim that all psychology is bunk; deflected on to the target he has in mind—psychoanalysis—the words may stand. For man is no longer considered to be a bundle of impulses, with infantile sex urges or a mania for power calling the tune. If dark, irrational promptings move among the multiple layers of personality, this is not to say that control must be yielded to them. Man is in a position to impose a spiritual discipline; the force integrating our many talents and inclinations can be drawn from reflection on the values of life and the demands of peaceful society. A. J. Welti has this in mind when in *Martha und die Niemandssöhne* he writes of a young student who is wont to plan his future on the utilization of the best biological and psychological constituents he has inherited from his parents. But one day he learns that he is an adopted son, and since all his endeavours to illuminate his background fail, he is plunged into despair and passiveness, without a personality, as he thinks. Helped by his foster father he begins to take his clues, not from below, from the uncertain recesses of biology and psychology, but from above, from the spiritual riches of our cultural tradition. Guided by reason and nurtured by the wisdom of philosophy and literature, he finds a spiritual power to give his hopes and abilities direction. H. A. Moser, a Swiss like Welti, has in his monumental novel *Vineta* come forth with the most ardent plea for spiritual guidance, to counteract the ethical apathy he fears will result from complacent abandonment to multiple selves.

Biographical thinking will be next to feel the impact of multiple psychology. The impressive development of the German novel in the nineteenth century was coterminous with an unquestioned acceptance of a professionally structured life as the canon of biographical thinking. A span of 60, 70 years was accordingly divided into articulated sections, revealing promise, showing effort, leading to success, and ending with

the enjoyment of a life well spent. This was the normal structure, transparently perceptible even where novelists preferred to present its deformation and corruption. The pattern—its crudest form we encounter in the success story—is now dissolving. Multiple selves do not all trot along the road to success, and the "real" self, if there is to be one, can by definition be expected to spurn ordinary aspirations. What it cherishes is not success, but maturity. Ambition has become stilled to the point where it is content to find life worth living and sympathy worth practising. Other factors, extraneous to literature, have accelerated the crisis in biography. Egalitarian tendencies have a flattening effect on ambition; social security can nowadays be had without the hazards of a career; the professional zenith is often reached at such an early stage as to leave the remaining stretch unorganized, void of interest and, as Heinz Risse in *Dann kam der Tag* and H. E. Nossack in *Spätestens im November* have shown, a fertile ground for malaise and self-accusation. It will be interesting to watch the artists at work on new biographical designs. It is also good to see that the portrayal of historical personalities has gained in subtlety from modern biographical thinking, and that at the same time the lives of past ages have not been forced into inappropriate casts. Edzard Schaper, Otto Rombach, and Werner Bergengruen have produced a number of vivid historical biographies, though the highest honours in this field must go to Walter Bauer, now a resident of Toronto, for his books on Pestalozzi, Van Gogh, Nansen, and the explorer La Salle.

There is at least one symbol left which demands consideration. To assign symbolic status to the cigarette seems frivolous. To relegate it to the lower place, in fiction, of a constantly craved and asked for commodity only tends to enhance its ubiquitous function of easing tension and restoring equanimity. The cigar was known as the great comforter of the nineteenth century. The cigarette in our times has relieved far tenser moments than our ancestors ever knew of. Passed from hand to hand or from mouth to mouth before the zero-hour, or in an air-raid shelter, it weaves a thread of blissful oblivion through the horrors of life. Where the blue puffs rise an antenna seems to go up to receive messages from a more tranquil world. The need for this form of relief is so well understood that no author ever denies its gratification. When a fag is wanted possibility is never checked against reality; the soldiers may have run out of ammunition and gasoline, and the civilians consumed their food rations, but there will always be someone to pass around a package of cigarettes. The wet burlap of existence is held up

and kept from sagging into the mire of physical or mental despair by what an unenlightened generation used to refer to as coffin nails. In Karla Höcker's *Die Mauern standen noch* the life-saving and soul-restoring qualities of a smoke offered at the right moment are all but made the flanking pillars of a carefully wrought composition. If the cigarette is not the symbol for man's ability to float away into contented being it at any rate substitutes for something symbolizing *joie de vivre*, delight in being present instead of being absent from the scene of existence.

To recapture this feeling more fully longer periods of relaxation have to be provided for. It is significant that once the worst tension is over, very little is required to supply ontological joyfulness. Breathing the pure air of the countryside is enough to suffuse man with the sense of wonderment and gratitude. For the air is pregnant with the miracles of eternity; a few waves of such cosmic elation streaming through you and Herbert Eisenreich in *Auch in ihrer Sünde* will pronounce you fit to represent the new man, this last and only hope of our era. Kreuder all but prescribes the exercises by which we become reunited with cosmic forces, to be radiantly happy. Some novelists will tell us that not the least important function of art and poetry is that of conditioning us for such orphic enthusiasm and helping us to step out of the present and into eternity, *hic et nunc*. Readers of *Felix Krull* may recall that even a windbag like Felix is not impervious to *Allsympathie*, once someone like Professor Kuckuck projects the mental slides of deep-sea monsters, nuclear choreographers, and cosmic time-keepers on to the screen of Krull's easily sparked imagination. There is, however, no lasting effect in his case; Krull will walk away from under the shower of mysteries and be as dry and stupidly crafty as before. Normal people will need much less to be transported into ecstasy and show a far more penetrating influence. To realize what a measured dose of rapture can achieve we may best turn to Elisabeth Aman's *Vermächtnis*, in which she brings together a series of mystic revelations and the inner transformations resulting from them. The miracle can be performed by such a simple device as a garden bench which, with its view into nature, brings in one of her stories serene happiness and strength for kindness to the village publican. The experience of the local priest works out in full relief what the authoress has in mind. An early scene presents an encounter between the priest and a watchmaker. The latter tells of an evening, years ago, when he suddenly felt entranced by the setting sun. This was to him an epiphany of the Divine spirit animating all things, from mineral

to man, and uniting them in a feeling of mutual dependence. The priest is suspicious of revelation outside the precincts of sanctioned dogma. But on the last pages of the novel we see him striding away into the distance, leaving his clerical garb behind and hoping to regain for himself a primeval freshness of being and, God willing, that true revelation which must precede all claims to a religious office.

Will he ever return? And if he does, what will he preach and—more important—do? The question must be put to all the many fictional characters soaring away in mystic rapture, as it must be asked of the Noahs walking down the gangway or of the philosophers coming out of their long deliberations.

There is by now ample material available to formulate an answer. It sounds like one answer, though coming from a multitude of voices. What is more embarrassing is the disarmingly decent and well-intended message it proclaims. To judge by the novels all roads are lined by relays of Good Samaritans. Agthe's advice to start life after the war with a kind deed now and then is being followed to the letter. As in expressionistic literature men of goodwill seem to abound. For a dissenting voice we have to look far and wide; Rolf Becker's *Nokturno 1951* may be one, a dejectedly sobering picture of high hopes and good intentions bogging down in the morass of inveterate bourgeois apathy. But Becker probably vents his acute disappointment over actual conditions, whereas the others project a vision of what ought to be, without sanguine anticipations of prompt fulfilment. They do not expect the impossible of their characters. After all, if J. M. Bauer can discover continuous traces of human kindness in hostile Siberia, why should kindness not also be found in Germany? Or if Luise Rinser in *Die Stärkeren* creates a woman who, a living protest in thought and action to the régime, after the war goes quietly on in her own way of helping, extending her care for one fatherless child to a whole flock of orphans, why should other novels not deal plausibly with less strenuous efforts to show goodwill towards men? There is no conspiracy planned by German writers to impress the world with big-heartedness. As was said before, these acts of kindness often come after long discussions, and yet they come naturally. Erich Landgrebe's *In sieben Tagen* tells of a returned soldier trying to win a foothold in his home district. Each of the seven chapters opens with a quotation from Genesis—a clear enough allusion to another creation of the world, though on a smaller scale. What happens on the last day of this re-creation? To crown the achievements of the preceding days the protagonist of the novel becomes en-

gaged to a girl, thereby pledging himself to lasting love and respect for a fellow-creature. There is a widely observed agreement that mutual regard and sympathetic inter-personal communications are of the essence of humanity. It comes as a surprise to see that Gerd Gaiser, whose first novel *Eine Stimme hebt an* is a moving testimony to the power of clear thinking and warm feeling, should have seen fit, in his recent work *Das Schiff im Berg*, to treat human aspirations as mere sports providing an amusing interlude in the evolution of our planet.

If someone should remark that this idiosyncrasy for simple forms of life accords with post-war economic stringencies, we can point to Martina Wied's *Die Geschichte des reichen Jünglings* where the greatest sacrifice is made by the scion of a wealthy family. Heimito von Doderer's *Strudlhofstiege* may not be the masterpiece some critics have seen but it gives satisfaction in its final note of a retreat from sophisticated society into the refuge of an unpretentious lower middle-class milieu. The theme of simple, joyful living asserts itself irresistibly against the gloom of nihilism. The moon of horror that shines on Kafka's world is on the wane. Hermann Kasack kept all the world guessing, after the publication of his apocalyptic *Stadt hinter dem Strom*: what next? *Risum teneatis, amici?* a tale of an aging collector of antiques who fights free of various temptations and returns to his spouse, bringing with him a bag full of worthy New Year's resolutions. For the younger generation Walter Jens with his novel *Die Blinde* has thrown the gauntlet of protest into the face of Kafka's imitators. Salvation, he says, comes from communion with others, and so we had better stop playing solitaire. Hans Henny Jahnn seems to be the only one left to sail, with his *Holzschiff*, the sea of Nothingness.

For a reliable touchstone to test the sincerity of so much heartiness we have the child and the attention it receives in contemporary fiction. Hermann Broch's *Der Versucher*, written before the war but published only recently, was planned to be continued, and indications are that an illegitimate child born to one of the characters was to play a leading rôle, that of a saviour perhaps. This child with its messianic halo has since been adopted by many authors; children are shown to affect the most hopelessly confused relations, marital or social, as the magnet its filings. As soon as some pitiable orphaned or illegitimate child chances upon the stage, words become fewer, resolves more firm, actions rational. The child has to be helped, and all other differences and problems are put aside or quickly solved. The observation by an English scientist that *homo sapiens* is slowly changing into *homo paediphilus*,

the child-loving man, is borne out by German fiction. Whole communities become reasonable under the necessity of assisting children, as for instance in Hermann Stahl's *Spiegeltüren*. The most diffident lovers settle their quarrels, because they want to look after a neglected child, as for example in Luise Rinser's *Hochebene*.

Instead of enumerating more instances we may pay homage to the monument erected to the child in Karla Höcker's *Die Mauern standen noch*. It is a literary as well as a sculptural monument, the statue of a boy standing in the garden of a suburban home, a pleasure to the eye before the war and afterwards, when the bombs have smashed everything except this statue, a reminder of our renewed sense of responsibility towards children.

This is not to suggest that the novelists all end by singing soothing lullabies. It is, however, a fact that their interests polarize either around profound discussions or the demands of suffering neighbours. The social and political problems between these two poles are bypassed, at any rate in Western Germany, or at best treated mockingly as in Wolfgang Koeppen's *Treibhaus*. The embittered realization of a fervent political idealism having been betrayed, which fills Georg Glaser's *Geheimnis und Gewalt*, seems to have become contagious. And if conditions insist on your political co-operation, then it is best to give it in a practical, direct way, as does Arnolt Bronnen who winds up his autobiography as the mayor of a small mountain village. The reason for this aversion must be sought in the fact that all collective organizations, from chambers of commerce to political parties, are looked at askance and felt to be lacking in intellectual and emotional honesty.

It will be interesting to see whether creative writers are going to advance their own social and political theories, and if so, what these will be like. Sooner or later they will have to come out of their lairs, if only in order to protect humane living and surround it with a sympathetic public sphere.

Composers in Toronto and Montreal

John Beckwith

Several recent articles have dealt with Canadian music in general (have we any serious composers? is their music identifiably Canadian?) or with the pros and cons of new music (the problems of the composer electing to write in an advanced idiom; the composer-audience relationship). In this essay I should like for once to assume that there are composers in Canada and that the musical idioms of our century are more than passing fashions. Discussion of the cultural setting of our music (its social and historical context), while valuable in itself, is left outside the scope of the present report. Instead I propose to examine a few characteristic works in detail, their techniques and stylistic components. The report deals with recent music by eight composers, some well known and others less so, four of whom live in Toronto and four in Montreal. The eight are chosen for interest and variety, and not because they are the only composers of merit in these cities, or even necessarily the best. In assembling these comments I have attempted to avoid professional jargon, but I have assumed in the non-professional reader some little knowledge of notation.

Whether or not John Weinzweig was, as legend has it, the first composer in Canada to employ the 12-note serial technique, he is at least its principal pioneer here. His application of it is in most works highly selective, tied in with a deliberate scheme of tonal centres; and the Viennese founding fathers are not among the most immediately recognizable influences on him. Bloch, Bartok, Copland, Prokoviev, Stravinsky are much more obviously reflected in his style than Schoenberg, Berg, or Webern—even though the early Violin Sonata is, I believe, inspired by the *Lyric Suite* of Berg, and a passage in the first movement of the Violin Concerto, as Weinzweig points out, draws on a scoring

technique of Webern's. This is not a matter of great concern, except that it helps to underline a fact which people new to modern music tend to be confused about, namely, that 12-note writing is a technique and not a style. So much should already be clear from the radical differences between the musical personalities of the Vienna trinity—but even more from the differences between those men and a composer like Weinzweig.

Weinzweig works slowly. This is in his case a sign of patience and meticulousness rather than of an artistic attitude that sees in each new work a masterpiece which will sum up all the world has said to date not just in music, but in religion and philosophy as well. Weinzweig simply wants every section of every piece, no matter how slight, to have its proper value and its required number of notes, no more no less. An anecdote may illustrate this: although he is no violinist, Weinzweig said he was very well satisfied that the difficult cadenzas (one in each movement) of his Violin Concerto needed only one or two minor changes when the work went into the hands of a soloist for performance. This was neither sales talk nor boasting. Whatever else one may say of his music, it always gives the impression of an accomplished composer, one who knows what he is about.

This does not mean he is an easy composer or always a clear one. His easiest—least resistible—movements are his drily comic ones, which rely mostly on "cells" of rhythm and pitch, developing them somewhat like germ-cultures. In the finale of the Piano Sonata, whose opening measures appear as Ex. 1, a typical rhythmic technique of Wein-

Example 1

zweig's is revealed. There is no obvious 12-note derivation, but instead a kind of rhythmic toying with a few notes—three of them only in the first measure, a fourth (the "tonic," as it turns out) in measure 2, a fifth in measure 3, a sixth and seventh in measure 4, an eighth at the start of the next phrase in measure 6. Comparable thematic layouts are found elsewhere in Weinzweig's music—the finale of the Divertimento for Oboe and Strings and the "Round Dance" section of the *Red Ear of Corn* ballet are two instances. There is a certain parallel to the Stra-

vinskian ballet-music constructions, with their inexact ostinatos. At the same time Weinzweig has developed great skill in the manipulation of such passages, and these movements are among his most characteristic. No thematic growth seems to be going on at all, yet one senses a mimetic quality, a playfulness, an almost distinct outline of body gesture in the music. Elsewhere this dance or mime quality takes a less sophisticated form and Weinzweig's weakness for tomtoms shows through. It is curious to find the muted trumpets, like a couple of painted braves, going ONE-two-three-four, ONE-two-three-four, at the height of development in the opening movement of the Violin Concerto—although one must admit the device has an air-clearing quality.

The Violin Concerto is the latest large-scale work by Weinzweig. It is long and difficult, but absorbing and admirable (if not always lovable) music throughout. This is a concerto in which the soloist dominates: there are no extensive tuttis except in the last of the three movements. Yet the orchestra (roughly the same in size as that of the Beethoven Concerto) is judiciously exploited, and, although the notes seem few, there are no arid or thin stretches. The 12-note procedure is absorbed into an almost classical scheme of tonal centres: D in the first movement, E flat in the second, C sharp in the third, are the clear-cut cadence points. Form in the first two movements has a classical balance, whose effect is especially noted in such well-imagined passages as the Prokoviev-like second subject of the first movement (Ex. 2) and the

Example 2

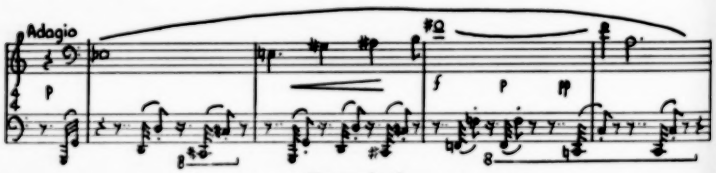
end of the second movement, with its quality of romantic epilogue. The finale seems by contrast more capriciously shaped—a combination of rondo and variation according to the composer—with less feeling that at any given moment we will know just where we are. The Concerto will undoubtedly benefit from closer acquaintance. It is a serious, dignified piece. The emotional fervour in some of the melodies recalls the composer's best chamber work, the Sonata *Israel* for cello and piano, and is incidentally a fine counterbalance to Weinzweig's already mentioned rhythmical-satirical bent.

Weinzweig is a Canadian creative musician of real stature. This needs saying, perhaps, because he has another historical distinction which is so indisputable as to overshadow the first: he has fostered a modern "school" of composers in Toronto, and is in fact an influence. We may move on now to discuss the music of two of his former pupils, Harry Somers and Harry Freedman—pupils rather than disciples, because although they owe much of their craft to Weinzweig they are individualists.

Harry Somers is one of our few really prolific composers; he has far-ranging ideas, a flair for the dramatically sensational, and some unmistakable stylistic trademarks. In recent years he has established a definite public following, which is something new for a composer in Canada. A Somers première will attract a sure crowd of faithfuls in Toronto, and CBC executives have even been known to inquire of him what he is currently working on—an unusual turnabout indeed, and one which is very nice to hear of.

Like many other composers who produce rapidly—one thinks of Villa-Lobos, Britten, Hindemith—Somers seems to have little faculty of self-criticism; he also repeats himself a good deal. As a result, the monumentally corny and the truly first-rate jostle each other in the list of his works. On the other hand, one can say something of Somers which it is possible to say of few Canadian composers: he has developed a vocabulary of sound all his own. Some of its more obvious components may now be catalogued.

A powerful device is the despairing long line of inactive motion. A sample from one of his most intensely beautiful pieces, the slow movement of the Piano Sonata No. 4, is shown in Ex. 3. Often such lines are

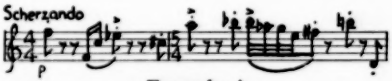


Example 3

composed by extending a 12-note series by a note or two. Sometimes Somers even adds a quasi-tonal cadence. These bleak lines are personal songs of sadness and perhaps loneliness. In contrast, and sometimes even simultaneously, one finds another device—the nervous crackling interjection, which is often built on isolated sharp rhythms such as

Specific romantic or personal expression seems to be inherent here, too, though it is less easy to define than in the case of the sorrowing long-line melody. Too often the interjections fail to grow musically into an impression of anything more than annoyance or pettish anger, though what is implied, I suppose, is a sort of primitive brutality of the *Sacre du Printemps* type. A third device frequently employed, deriving from Somers's interest in jazz and his own approach to piano playing, is the low-bass ostinato—reminiscent of the "boogie-woogie" of yesteryear. The finale of the Piano Sonata No. 3 is one of the most successful applications of this device, which appears as a mannerism in many of Somers's earliest piano pieces (suggesting that jazz primitivism was perhaps one of the strongest forming influences in his style). Roccoco ornamentation, deliberately cultivated in one of Somers's few comic pieces, the Suite for Harp and Chamber Orchestra, reappears in several subsequent works and may be noted as something else identifiable in his stylistic makeup.

A newer phase of Somers's development shows his adoption of the textures of traditional fugue. This has now become as much a personal element as any of those previously mentioned. The set of twelve piano fugues on 12-note subjects, titled *12 × 12*, are pure studies in this idiom, the composer's strictest 12-note pieces. Though not so pianistic as the sonatas, they are notable for some of the liveliest themes Somers has invented; a typical subject, that of the seventh fugue, is shown in Ex. 4.



Example 4

The fugal procedure assumes importance in almost all the large works Somers has produced lately, among which may be particularly cited the Symphony No. 1, the Passacaglia and Fugue for orchestra, and the Prelude and Fugue for a-capella chorus (*Where Do We Stand, O Lord*) —the latter a convincing musical conception in spite of its tawdry self-pitying text. (My own feeling is, however, that he is an instrumental rather than a vocal composer.)

Perhaps the most consistent feature of Somers's style is his mastery of the Bartokian formal crescendo—a crescendo often plainly erotic in feeling. Somers's forms are associated with the building-up and releasing of physical tension in music, and his orchestration is keyed to this idea, as to a large degree was Bartok's. The most successful application of

this "dynamic form," as we may call it, is the Symphony No. 1. As the composer's own notes point out, the structure of this one-movement work is a gradual accumulating, releasing, and relaxing of force: strings state and work out the first theme, woodwinds join in for the second, brass (brilliantly introduced) for the third, percussion for the development of themes and the fugal climax—after which a solo violin recalls the opening phrases in a short calm postlude. The scheme is spread over about thirty minutes of time, but there is a real feeling of concentration, an over-all simplicity and directness. Elsewhere in Somers's writing the device is applied to single sections with great effectiveness—an effectiveness realizable particularly in the concert hall, because over the radio the proportions in such crescendos are often lost.

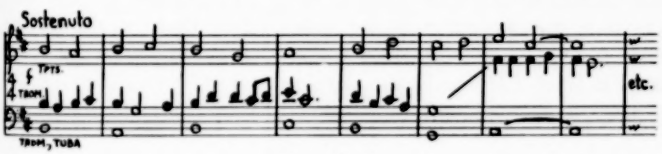
Beginning two or three years ago with the Sonata No. 1 for violin and piano, Somers has lately been constructing his music with deliberate contrasts of tonal and atonal material. In the third movement of this Sonata, he introduces a chorale melody in A minor, adds contrapuntal lines to it, first in the same tonality then in other tonalities, until some tense extremes of dissonance are reached; the activity subsides finally into a single-line restatement of the chorale. Here, of course, we have the "dynamic form" process again; but the mixture of idioms in the course of about four minutes of music is altogether unexpected. Somers explains that he is coming more and more to feel the unity of musical past and musical present. It is typical of him to react passionately to any new musical enthusiasms, and history—the individual's relation to history—is very much on his mind. The Paris critic Fred Goldbeck has recently applied the useful term "counterpoint of styles" to some works by younger Italian composers along these lines (in an article in *The Score*, March, 1956). Personally I find Somers has yet to give it a satisfactory creative form. His most ambitious recent attempt, the Second Piano Concerto, a forty-minute work in four movements, must be regarded as a failure in spite of many really striking features.

One would expect Somers to take naturally to the concerto medium—it is after all basically dramatic. In the Second Piano Concerto he does in fact give some electrifying new interpretations to the solo-tutti relationship: in the openings of movements one and two, particularly. The solo part is well conceived, though the constant octave doublings are perhaps too reminiscent of Rachmaninov and Prokoviev to be entirely suitable in this kind of music. The "counterpoint of styles" applies in the Concerto in a curious way. For example the third movement starts with a melody in A major played (evidently with one finger) by the

soloist. It bears some relationship to the main 12-note series of the Concerto, and also, Somers points out, to the slow movement of Mozart's last piano concerto—the one in B flat, Köchel 595. Before it concludes, the cellos enter with a dissonant counter-melody built on an entirely new 12-note series. The effect is legitimate, as far as it goes. Later in the movement, however, the strings sing another principal idea—a Vaughan-Williams-ish melody in F sharp minor—and the piano states violent Somers-ish interjections against it: here is a "counterpoint of styles" again, but one's idea of dramatic fitness is upset: one wonders (recalling Liszt's comment on the Beethoven Fourth Concerto) which is Orpheus and which the beasts. Another disturbing thought is that, if tonal and atonal musics are going to be heard in close contrast or simultaneously ("on different planes," as Somers puts it), each must be strongly delineated according to its own laws. Possibly owing to an accident of scoring, the cadence to the second movement (quoted as Ex. 5),

Example 5

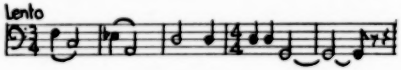
evidently intended as a straightforward dominant-tonic resolution in B minor, produces a very ambiguous tonal sense: the "added" C sharps and G naturals destroy the feeling of balance. There are other instances, too, where the tonal side of the argument seems harmonically rather uncertain. On the other hand, when the tonal themes are worked out on a contrapuntal or fugal scheme, the composer's intentions are paradoxically much easier to follow: as, for example, in the chorale-like combination in the brass of the same tune in three different speeds (a "triple canon by augmentation"), found in the second movement, and quoted as Ex. 6. This is one of the most satisfactory passages in the



Example 6

entire Concerto, technically, expressively, and in terms of pure euphony (the brass instruments are set against an undulating string background). Unfortunately it strikes the listener as a fine *patch*, just as the cadence quoted previously seems a poor patch: the work is too roving and diffuse, not just in quality but in style: all four movements are in a kind of variation form, but this is still no justification for such wide diversity. Nor can I understand Somers's point that the material "demanded" this type of treatment: despite the often clear relationship of themes, one could be satisfied with fewer of them and a more careful delineation of dramatic purpose.

Variation is apparently absorbing Somers now just as fugue did a few years ago. A piece in which these two preoccupations occur side by side is the Passacaglia and Fugue for orchestra—the most widely performed among his recent works, and happily so, because it is one of his finest. There is a distinct historical relationship both in the choice of the passacaglia form and in the invention of a bass line (Ex. 7) whose

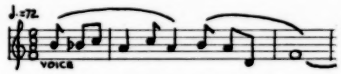


Example 7

descent recalls many of the stereotyped seventeenth-century passacaglia basses. The one flaw perhaps is that, where the seventeenth-century ideal was a *continuous* repeating bass, Somers's bass tends to slow down and stop at each repetition. The scoring is sumptuous in its effect—recalling the heavy organ-like mixtures of sound in Stokowski's transcriptions of Bach. For example, the bass is first presented in octaves and unison by cellos, basses, bass clarinet, and double bassoon. The Passacaglia is fairly strict 12-note music, the bass constituting the first half of the series. The variations treat the bass in various traditional contrapuntal ways—including brilliant stretto. The Fugue is built on a new series, much more deliberately chromatic in its arrangement, and formed into a rhythmically incisive subject, somewhat resembling the fugal opening of Bartok's Quartet No. 5. The entries of this subject come on successive notes of the series rather than on the old tonal points—a solution which Somers had already arrived at in some of the fugues in *12 × 12*. The Fugue develops naturally and dynamically to an exciting conclusion with the augmented subject high in the trumpets.

Part of the excitement no doubt comes from the contrast to the material of the foregoing Passacaglia and from the succinctness of the over-all plan (the whole work lasts about ten minutes).

A less complicated and less prolific artist than Somers, though a thoroughly interesting one, is Harry Freedman. He too is basically an instrumental composer (his one vocal work, the Two Vocalises for soprano, clarinet, and piano, is pure chamber music where the voice performs as an instrumental participant, without text). Freedman's instrumental thinking, even in lyrical or abstract moments, aligns itself naturally with dance music—and on this continent that means jazz. European composers tend to consider jazz a dead issue nowadays, at least in relation to serious music—not realizing how much a part of our lives it is in North America. In Freedman's work the jazz influence so often suggested in Weinzweig and Somers comes more fully into view. Freedman sometimes borrows the twelve-bar phrase of the blues as a unit of structure in his slow movements; like Copland, in fast movements he often makes systematic irregularities of rhythm out of the free irregularities found in jazz—hence his Copland-like succession of measured eighth-notes in different quantities (8/8 in the second of the Vocalises, 7/8 with variants in the scherzo of the Piano Suite and the second part of the Fantasia and Dance); most significant of all, he instinctively expresses himself in snatches of melody like Ex. 8 (from the second Vocalise), which echo the vocabulary of jazz.

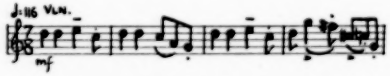


Example 8

Although Freedman draws on "row" techniques, he is no more a strict 12-note practitioner than Weinzweig or Somers. One may expect here something like that free atonalism unconnected with the chromatic series but evolved from it, which Ernst Krenek has envisioned (in the introduction to his *Studies in Counterpoint*, New York, 1940): however, as with the two preceding composers, the impression is much more of a diatonic music eclectically drawing on chromatic series for its themes. An excellent illustration of the artistic results of this technique is Freedman's *Tableau* for string orchestra. This work, inspired by a modern painting of a scene in the Canadian North, is in a single

highly unified movement, with muted opening and close and two peaks of dynamic intensity. The 12-note series appears in strict form in three different transformations at the opening—an endless meandering melody of slow swaying rhythm which runs all through the piece. This melody soon abandons its serial connection, and indeed the series is only very selectively drawn upon in the main body of the work—although two of the principal motifs presented for development prove to be four-note extractions from its retrograde version. The work's glacial "northern" qualities seem to derive mostly from such details as the eerie non-vibrato held chords of the divided second violins and the frequent wide-spaced octave doublings of melodies. There are strangely few successful Canadian works in the realm of evocative music: all the more reason then to value the existing ones, such as this *Tableau* and Somers's *North Country*.

Though he is a skilled impressionist, grandiloquence is not Freedman's nature. He seems to make an attempt along these lines in the Fantasia and Dance for violin and orchestra, his latest large-scale composition. The Fantasia has the Somers-like aura of portent, but scarcely manages to get away from its opening motif, whose resemblance to the mating call of a model-T Ford rather robs it of its intended dramatic expressiveness. A much more satisfying experience is the Dance section based on an almost modal theme in favourite Freedman rhythm (Ex. 9).



Example 9

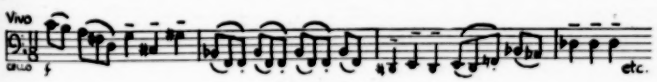
The melodic contour here, added to the fact that the composer follows the classical concerto pattern in giving his tune a double exposition, solo answered by orchestra, makes this an immediately acceptable piece of musical logic and a passage that is very pleasing to the senses.

Pleasing in the same way are the Two Vocalises. Here the contrast between movements is similar to that of the Fantasia and Dance. The first Vocalise is more interesting and better balanced than the Fantasia, even though built on a smaller scale. It has something of the same quality of fancy in the free cadenza-like passages for voice and clarinet such as that shown in Ex. 10. The second Vocalise is easygoing, popular-sounding rhythmic music similar to the Dance, though less animated. Freedman's newest work is a Quartet on jazz motifs, for wind instruments.

Example 10

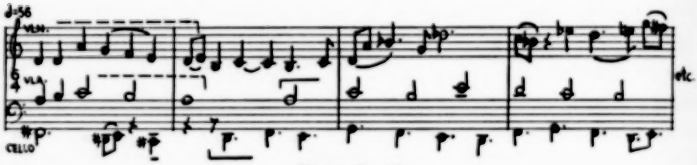
At this point, for interested readers who may feel frustrated on learning that the bulk of the pieces mentioned in this article are unpublished, I may mention that good examples of short playable piano works by Somers and Freedman—and an amusing though rather less typical one by Weinzweig—are included in a neat inexpensive anthology called *Fourteen Piano Pieces by Canadian Composers* (Harris, Oakville, Ont., 1955). Another composer represented in the same volume is the Estonian-Canadian Udo Kasemets, whose work I want now to discuss briefly. As a matter of fact the item chosen for this collection, the second of his Six Piano Preludes, may provide a starting point—a cheerful concise little study which on analysis proves to be much more rigidly arranged along rhythmic and 12-note schemes than would at first appear. A prominent motif is the "horn-fifth" beloved of the Austrian masters, particularly Schubert. Two impressions of Kasemets as a composer may be noted here, because they are reinforced by further acquaintance with his music. The first is that he employs advanced techniques with a remarkable naturalness. Second, he seems very close to the spirit of folk music.

Two recent instrumental works of his in which these characteristics may be viewed more extensively are the *Sonata da camera* for solo cello and the String Trio. Ex. 11 quotes a theme from the scherzo of the cello piece, where through all the complexities of rhythm one receives a pronounced echo of rustic kettledrums. This ambitious work is in four movements: fantasia, scherzo, recitative, and fugue. The last actually contrives to present a double fugue on four strings of a cello, by interlocking the broken rhythms of the two subjects—a scheme which,



Example 11

though ingenious, seems highly visionary. The Trio, ten minutes or so in length, is subtitled "Metamorphosis on an Estonian Folktune." The melodic materials are the tune and a 12-note series stemming from its intervals. The fantasia-like structure is formed by four distinct rhythmic sections, separated by short canonic treatments of the tune. The canons again demonstrate both this composer's ingenuity and the sense of effortlessness produced by the everyday quality of his materials. The final canon (of which Ex. 12 shows a fragment) is almost like a fifteenth-century "mensuration canon," as Kasemets points out; at the same time it gives a real feeling of culmination after what has gone before—almost of clarification, in fact, since this is the most complete version of the tune he gives us. The term "metamorphosis" is well chosen: the sense of growth and change in this music is very strong.



Example 12

Although not allied to folk music, the *Poetic Suite* for soprano, piano, and string orchestra, on three poems by Kathleen Raine, is again notable for musical material which is readily assimilable; its treatment, however, presupposes effort on the part of a listener. There are two 12-note series here, both quoted in Ex. 13. It will be observed that the first contains the perfect harmonic intervals and in fact produces complete triads at two points (these triads are major in the quoted version of the series, but in transformations, such as the inversion and so on, they sometimes become minor). The other series is simply a scalic arrangement of three tetrachords. The two series have a common quality in their tripartite arrangement. Melody, counterpoint, and harmony throughout the *Suite* are derived from these two sources, sometimes quite freely, although a motivic consistency is nearly always not only visible in the score but audible as well. Serial harmonies are tricky to

Example 13

handle, but, to take a single example, the final chord of the opening movement, a combination of the triadic and open-fifth qualities of series one, is remarkably clear and satisfying as a point of repose: the reason lies chiefly in the scoring, which clarifies the various tonal components of the chord by giving each a distinct tone-colour and range (see Ex. 14). The *Suite* is in three movements—rondo, interlude, and passacaglia. The calm interlude ("The World") calls for solo violin, solo cello, and voice only. Its semi-acrostic structure is a fascinating musical reproduction of the poet's wordplay (the four lines of the poem are mere rearrangements of the same few words, as in some Oriental verse). The passacaglia bass is provided by the inversion of series two. Descending tetrachords are of course traditional in passacaglia writing, and this passacaglia is in its way as original a comment on a traditional procedure as the one by Somers discussed above.

Example 14

Kasemets is a worthy addition to our musical scene, particularly since, besides his compositional fluency, he is also an enthusiastic performer of new music as pianist and choral conductor. His newest works are a violin concerto and a suite for gamba and harpsichord on ecclesiastical melodies.

Two European-born Montrealers must now be mentioned: Otto Joachim and Istvàn Anhalt. Joachim is a professional viola player who has turned to composition. I have heard recently his *Music for Violin and Viola* and Sonata for Cello and Piano, and read his piano piece *L'Eclosion*. Without further clue, and on the basis of influences, one would probably identify these pieces as the work of a typical European composer of the post-war generation. The 12-note technique is applied in a Webern-like way, but more dynamically; the rhythmic patterns are arranged for mathematical expansion and contraction as in Messiaen; the exploitation of extremes in the sound-resources of conventional instruments recalls Varèse (a composer Joachim admires greatly). Thus in the Cello Sonata, as the composer puts it, "the melodic lines go from

one instrument to another," à la Webern. Notable also is the quality of wit both here and in the *Music for Violin and Viola*: to my mind it recalls the fun of Webern's Concerto for Nine Instruments (this comparison will be hotly resisted by those who still hold to the conventional view that atonality cannot express delight). The *Music* has an ingenious outward structure: the five movements in order systematically increase in complexity, while at the same time diminishing in length, so that the last is a very tense and brief affair, producing an effect of the compression of ideas which no doubt it truly represents. Another example of a systematic time-scheme is in *L'Eclosion*, where in one section the "row" is presented in a series of spurts, each containing two or three more notes than the one before; each spurt is separated from the one before by a rest, and each rest (the composer rightly insists they are an active part of the scheme, to be measured just as accurately in performance as the notes themselves) also shows an increase in size of one eighth-note over its predecessor. Ex. 15 shows the start of this

Example 15

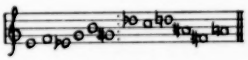
passage, containing the "row" itself. What follows is first a parallel statement of these same notes arranged in reverse; the original and the reverse are then played simultaneously, or rather in a canon at one eighth-note's distance, whose effect is twofold: the rests tend to become smaller, producing excitement, and the odd out-of-range low F assumes a special climatic significance as the central note on which the two versions of the "row" seem to agree.

But it is in the field of pure sound that Joachim's skill chiefly lies. He calls to mind the fundamental concept of the composer as an inventor of sounds. His music is "ear-music" as opposed to "eye-music," although its notation is very scientific: the scores are bewildering and eccentric until one absorbs the pure sounds they represent. Joachim has a quartet in progress, and has recently acquired his own equipment for the production of electronic music, after the very up-to-date methods of Cologne and Paris. He is certainly capable of turning out interesting examples in this idiom. His expertness in instrumental resource is strik-

ing. As an example, most pianists would resist *L'Eclosion*, but would have to admit that the pedal devices, percussive bell sounds, staccatos, harmonics, and neatly placed sostenuto lines, all have a precise meaning in the idiom of no other instrument but a twentieth-century grand piano. The music is like an abstract sculpture in cold gleaming steel—if one admits that artistic effects of comedy, pathos, and melodrama are achievable in such a medium, as I think they are. Sheer efficiency in an artist is a rare value: Joachim has it.

Acquaintance with the music of Joachim and Kasemets suggests that perhaps the newcomers are the only composers in Canada applying 12-note procedures in anything like the strict fashion of Krenek, Webern, and middle-period Schoenberg. This impression is strengthened when one comes to consider the music of Istvàn Anhalt, Hungarian-born, Paris-trained composer now teaching at McGill. Here is an almost completely orthodox Schoenbergian technician, and I feel that the bewilderment caused by a recent performance of his Piano Fantasia in Toronto was at least partly the result of a lack of acquaintance with his models.

Anhalt's orthodoxy as well as his individuality are well illustrated in his most recent work, the Sonata for violin and piano. The series itself is of the self-mirroring type employed by Webern and (sometimes) Krenek. That is, as Ex. 16 shows, the last six notes exactly invert the

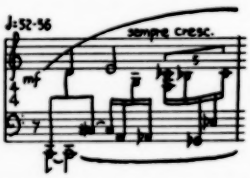


Example 16

contour of the first six. Like Schoenberg, Anhalt for the most part avoids doubling any note of a chord an octave above or below—and this is one feature which separates him from "selective" atonalists like Weinzweig and Somers. Schoenberg himself stated that the avoidance of the octave was one of the great problems he set out to solve in the years when he was formulating the *Zwölftontechnik*. (His reasons are clearly put in "Composing with Twelve Tones"—*the* definitive essay on this technique—which appears in his *Style and Idea*, London, 1951.) Avoidance of the octave does not mean avoidance of the unison doublings traditional in central European music—and the handling of these by Anhalt is both skilful and original. Ex. 17 shows a typical instance from the slow movement of the Sonata. Anhalt also follows the precedent provided by some of the classics of 12-note music in concentrating on the interval-characteristics of his series one at a time.

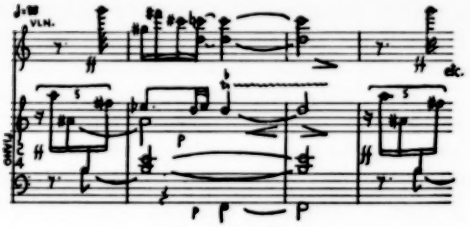
Example 17

Against this fairly standard treatment may be placed a highly individual trait of Anhalt's—if one may refer to something which occurs twice in the Sonata and once in the Fantasia as a trait—namely, presenting the whole series at one blast in the opening bar of a piece. Ex. 18 shows, for instance, the first bar of the Fantasia. This gives unsuspecting listeners a rather unpleasant shock; and they would hardly be comforted if the composer told them, as I imagine he would, that his purpose is to create as quickly and as radically as possible a climate for what is to follow. It is indeed daring of him; and partisan modernists may find satisfaction that a piece composed in 1955 can shock as effectively as one composed in 1925. My experience in the case of the Sonata is that after a few hearings the second movement, for example, takes shape along somewhat these lines: an explosion, followed by microscopic examination of the various items of debris.



Example 18

A more accessible movement in this work (which throughout is, however, well worth study and repeated hearings) is the finale, a set of variations with considerable appeal in its succession of pizzicati, rapid piano figuration, tremolo *sul ponticello*, and other colour effects so often cultivated by atonalists. Ex. 19 shows a climactic passage just before the close, demonstrating the composer's keen sense of the individuality of the two instruments in this difficult medium.



Example 19

This may lead us to a brief word about rhythm in Anhalt's work, because in the opening of the Sonata the same feeling of separate identities in the music is conveyed by the extremely complex separate rhythmic characterization given to each line. In speaking of the Fantasia, Anhalt said one of his aims was the "avoidance of metre." Possibly he means by this the avoidance of any repeating metre which might make the notes coalesce into a "theme" in the classical sense. This is athematic music along the lines of some strictly conceived 12-note works of Schoenberg, say the Violin Concerto. It is the most abstract kind of music. It requires one of two kinds of listening—either the kind where you concentrate on minute details (motifs, intervals, recurrent turns of phrase) in the counterpoint, or the much harder kind where you build up an almost architectural image of the music as it proceeds. Probably the latter is what Anhalt had in mind when in his notes on the Fantasia he asked his listeners to perceive the whole piece as a curve of pitch and dynamics with two peaks. Most people found this unhelpful—it *is* difficult—but in such abstract music it is doubtful what else, barring a lot of complicated detail, could be pointed out. The "meaning" must be an individual experience for each listener. Difficult music in any style requires effort and several hearings.

A more immediately approachable work of Anhalt's, however, and one in which, because of the presence of words, not nearly the same degree of puzzling abstraction is encountered, is his suite called *Comments*, for contralto, violin, cello, and piano. The texts are three short clippings from the *Montreal Star*, which were distributed to the audience in photostat form at the first performance—a delightful idea, and one from which Anhalt draws specific dramatic inspiration. Particularly notable, as suggesting the wide range of this composer's capabilities, are the first "Comment," on the headline BALI'S LEADING DANCER SLAIN, which makes use of the scales and colour effects of the gamelang orchestras;

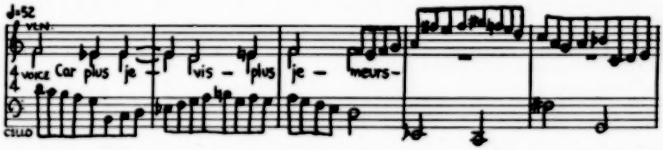
and the finale, which discovers beautifully the poetry one often feels in a weather report. The opening line of this particular report was a gift for the composer: "The weather picture shows almost no motion this morning." At the close, where the voice outlines a single interval against "almost no motion" in the instruments, on the words "Low tonight and high tomorrow at Montreal 36 and 55, Ottawa 30 and 55, Ste. Agathe 30 and 55," one is left wondering why no composer of Canadian upbringing has ever thought of attempting this very simple, obvious, but quite touching effect of local colour.

Gabriel Charpentier is a novelist and poet as well as composer. He provided the text for Pierre Mercure's recent *Cantate pour une joie*, and acts as Mercure's assistant in productions of the CBC Television series "L'Heure du Concert." I have both heard and seen three of his works of late—a set of *Sept Chansons enfantines*, a Mass, and a group of three songs on poems of St. John of the Cross. The *Sept Chansons enfantines* are written to be performed by unaccompanied high voices. The aphoristic verses are from a number of French and French-Canadian poets including Charpentier himself. The music is constructed in simple short phrases of melody, the words being handled almost always syllabically, one tick of rhythm for each syllable of the text. The effect, a sort of sung scansion, is extremely fresh and vivid; and the composer agrees that the songs resemble certain works of the young Stravinsky, such as the *Berceuses du chat*. The Mass, which could be termed a *missa brevissima*, so "undeveloped" is it in the conventional sense, is scored for three high voices of equal range. Here again the treatment is mostly syllabic, the melodic construction simple; but the vocal textures and the choice of harmonies suggest certain deliberate historical points of reference. The Kyrie employs the suave melodic contours of the fifteenth-century Burgundians, the Gloria is a delightful "echoing" canon for two sopranos, and cadences in the Kyrie and Agnus Dei reveal the open fourths and fifths of late-medieval polyphony. This music possesses clarity, vividness, and a very real charm. It manages to be both appropriate to its liturgical function and artistically genuine. It is no mere exercise in style—although it may legitimately be viewed as a modern comment on, say, the fifteenth-century master Guillaume Dufay.

Charpentier's *Trois poèmes de St. Jean-de-la-Croix*, for contralto, violin, and cello, is an ambitious vocal work, occupying nearly half an hour in performance. Although related to the two works already discussed, it has a flavour of its own, sets up and solves its own problems.

The first song lasts for over ten minutes and is extremely slow and even in tempo. The text is a poem of regular stanzas, each ending with a refrain. Charpentier's melodic phrases are, as before, utterly simple, but there are absolutely no repetitions. Each phrase has its own contour and indeed its own declamation. Even the refrain is treated differently at each recurrence: the words 'je meurs de ne pas mourir' are given slightly different musical inflections each time, such as a very subtle actor might employ. When one is so used to looking for tight-knit motivic relationships in melody, it is refreshing to find a vocal composer deliberately setting out to achieve emotional appropriateness by different means. Again parallels to this kind of melodic procedure could be found in medieval and Renaissance music.

The piece has a quite moving effect. Being accustomed to more "active" music, one at first resists the deliberateness of the tempo and the composer's refusal to drop the customary heavily underlined motivic clues as to his intentions. Then gradually the textures and the sheer melodic progress from note to note begin to exert a fascination: there are so few notes that each one becomes an adventure. A little more than halfway through there is a phrase where suddenly voice and violin run together in unison (Ex. 20); then towards the end the voice rises



Example 20

momentarily to a higher dynamic than before: these details are just enough to convey a feeling of shape, a roundness of over-all musical design.

The second song is antiphonal between voice and instruments, except for the final stanza, where according to the composer the combined lines should have "the rigidity of a chorale." It is also, up to this point, largely monophonic, the vocal phrases being unaccompanied and the single instrumental line, of wide-ranging intervals, passing from violin to 'cello. An extract is given as Ex. 21. The impression is one of severe restraint, with a sort of fleshly sensuosity just below the surface of each phrase—a skilful musical setting for words of a sixteenth-century

Example 21

Spanish mystic and ascetic. The third song is also very slow, with eighth-notes at 72 of the metronome. Roughly the same procedures in texture and colour are followed as in the previous two songs, but the melodies are more complex and assume more *recherché* rhythms. At the conclusion, scale figures from the first song and a characteristic phrase from the second are recalled in an epilogue.

This very original work (written for, and performed with prodigious art by Maureen Forrester) relates closely to the music of such modernists as Messiaen and the New Yorker, John Cage. Hearing the penetrating "presque-sans-vibrato" sounds of Charpentier's strings, I was particularly reminded of Cage's use of non-vibrato in his String Quartet, and his comment apropos that work that he wanted in this way to avoid the unrest and excessive motion implicit in developmental music. Like Cage, Charpentier has also written for the medium of "prepared piano" —an ordinary grand piano with bits of rubber, metal, and wood inserted strategically along the strings, placing a semi-orchestral palette of sound under the performer's finger-tips. Charpentier's long prepared-piano score to accompany the silent film *The Fall of the House of Usher* has been heard with showings of the film in Paris and Montreal. He is now at work on a satirical opera with a scoring similar to Stravinsky's *Les Noces*, and a Litany for double chorus, brass, and pianos, which he feels will sound "like Stan Kenton in some parts."

Jean Papineau-Couture is, like Charpentier, a former pupil of Nadia Boulanger. Works of his which I have heard and seen recently include the early (but newly revised) Sonata for violin and piano, a clean-cut neoclassic piece; a Prelude for orchestra; and a large-scale choral-instrumental number, the *Psaume CL*.

The Prelude, a seven-minute piece for very large orchestra, was to my mind just about the only successful work among ten commissioned by the CBC from various Canadian composers at the time of the Coro-

nation in 1953. Papineau-Couture seems to have been almost alone among the composers in approaching the commission as simply an opportunity to write a serious piece of music. At the same time, his Prelude has orchestral weight (much heavy doubling of instrumental lines), dignity, and even a certain pomposity in its ideas, which suit it to a festive, or at least a solemn, occasion. I have the impression that the composer took his cue from the Lully overtures: his dotted rhythms have an almost *Grand Siècle* ceremoniousness about them. The piece has, however, contrapuntal density and a far from anonymous character of expression. It could very well fill the function of an imposing programme-opener in our orchestral repertoire, replacing Oskar Morawetz's well-known *Carnival Overture*.

Stravinsky has been a major influence on Papineau-Couture. It was a courageous act for him, I imagine, to re-set the Latin text used in the finale of the master's *Symphony of Psalms*. His *Psaume CL* is a "Concerto of Psalms," if you like. Where Stravinsky enlarges the text symphonically, Papineau-Couture enlarges it into proportions suitable for concerted treatment—the opposition of selected musical forces. Perhaps the term cantata describes it best: and if this suggests historical connections with the baroque, those connections are further underlined in the form of the piece, its harmonic style, and its sonorous flavour. (It could have a wonderful effect if performed on a festive occasion in one of our large churches.) Symmetrically designed, the work is framed by an extended "Alleluia" section, heard at the opening and close. In between there are five contrastingly scored movements, each based on a verse or two of the Psalm. The composer's forces are skilfully chosen: there is an obbligato organ part; the vocal tasks are shared by a mixed chorus and two soloists (soprano and tenor); and a wind ensemble complements the voices in range and weight—a choir of trumpets and trombones balancing the singing chorus, and flute and bassoon soloists corresponding to the two vocal ones.

The movements are bound together by a free variational device similar to the "cyclic form" of composers such as d'Indy. A scale formula heard in the organ and brass parts at the very start of the work is employed in a variety of ways throughout. Some of its transformations are shown in Ex. 22. The theme itself has what the Americans call "good profile," and its derivatives are easily recognized, or at least felt.

It is worthwhile to describe the individual movements of the *Psaume CL* briefly. The first has an organ-and-brass introduction leading into the weighty Alleluia. "Enhanced" tonal harmonies derived from Stra-

Example 22

vinsky and others, now very much a natural part of Papineau-Couture's writing, may be illustrated in the very adroit link from introduction to Alleluia (Ex. 22d). The second movement is for women's chorus, flute, and bassoon: an Allegretto of airy melodic grace (Ex. 22e). In movement three the composer applies a medieval motet technique to his theme. It appears in greatly lengthened notes in the trombone; three rhythmically independent brass parts are combined with it (see Ex. 22 f); and the instrumental force is interrupted and opposed in a series of very free melismatic phrases by the solo tenor. In the fourth and fifth movements the psalm phrases receive practically the only direct musical illustrations out of many the composer might have succumbed to. The fourth movement is for men's voices and organ solo; and there is a long fanfare-like interlude for the brasses, which later join with the voices and organ: the clue to the interlude is of course the text "Laudate eum in sono tubae." The fifth movement is scored for the soprano soloist and the two woodwinds, and among its motifs is one which capitalizes on the onomatopoeic quality of the word "timpano."

Preceding the Alleluia finale, the original instrumental introduction is reworked with added vocal parts (see Ex. 22g), to form a crux of emphasis for this beautifully proportioned composition. I find it notable that the repetition of material here is welcome and exhilarating in its effect.

The *Psaume CL* is one of two Canadian works chosen for the International Music Council's modern-repertoire catalogue (*International Rostrum of Composers*), the other being Harry Somers's Symphony No. 1. It is reassuring to know that if foreign conductors seek Canadian works two really first-class examples are being recommended to them in this way. The Papineau-Couture work is his finest to date, and indeed I know of very few works by Canadians of comparable beauty, unity, and artistic stature.

The Business Enterpriser

B. S. Keirstead

Traditional economics, while providing a place for the business enterpriser as one of the agents of production, assigns to him a most modest role. The assumptions which are necessary for the determination of stationary equilibrium do more than simplify the economist's task of analysis: they also simplify the function of the enterpriser in the economic model to the extent that he hardly appears at all. In this model and under the accepted assumptions there are no changes in the tastes, incomes, or behaviour of consumers, and no changes in the conditions of production and supply. No innovations are made in the methods of production or distribution, no changes take place in the value of money. The behaviour of competitors can occasion no alarm because, while they have perfect knowledge of what our enterpriser may propose, so does he know perfectly, and in advance, their dispositions.

In such a model economy the "enterpriser" has no existence, and the business manager has only to take certain pointer readings, like his chief engineer, to make sure that his output is adjusted to the quantity where total profits are maximized moment by moment. This point is determined, in the language economists like to use, when the rate at which total revenues are increasing with sales is equal to the rate at which total costs are increasing with output.

The neo-classical economists were, of course, fully aware that business men led, in fact, rather more active lives than they were able to ascribe to them in their models. They believed that the enterpriser had to show initiative under certain circumstances and had to accept certain risks. Little interest was shown in these activities, however, until the late Professor Schumpeter published his *Theory of Economic Development* and Professor Knight his *Risk, Uncertainty and Profit*. In the first book the enterpriser appears as a restless fellow whose continuous search for a profit which proves temporary and ephemeral is the source and cause of innovations on which depend the dynamic movement and

development of the economy. In Professor Knight's book the enterpriser emerges as a far-sighted, shrewd calculating sort whose function it is to entertain hypotheses about an uncertain future and to take decisions in the present on the strength of these hypotheses. This acceptance of uncertainty Professor Knight defines as the role of the enterpriser: if his decisions are shrewd, he will be rewarded by profit in excess of the normal earnings of business; if they are unwise and are consistently unwise, he will not long remain an enterpriser.

The analysis of entrepreneurial expectations has since been carried further in studies by Professors Hart and Shackle. The sophisticated mathematics of probability theory have been applied by the former to the analysis of the enterpriser's decisions. It is difficult, however, seriously to believe that business men really attempt some kind of probability calculus of possible future results of present decisions. This might not of itself be a serious objection. Economic theorists are never concerned to describe exactly how any particular economic producer or consumer behaves, but rather to generalize and to discover the *rationale* which would govern the behaviour of all producers or consumers if they behaved in a perfectly rational economic manner. Ordinary marketplace behaviour tends to approximate these rules. Thus the fact that no enterpriser, in all likelihood, ever attempts a strict probability calculus of his hypotheses about the future, would not constitute a criticism of the use by economists of such a calculus as long as what the enterpriser was trying in a crude way to do was to think in probability terms. But this, we submit, is not so.

The calculus of probability depends upon repetition of the experiment. One can calculate, and with complete accuracy, the probability of Zero winning in the game of roulette, and many an unwary plunger would be better off today if he had made such a calculation in place of relying on his "gambler's hunch." Enterprisers' expectations about the future, however, are of a very different nature. They are, we think, of two sorts. On the one hand enterprisers have to form hypotheses about general business conditions, the amount of the national income, consumers' spending, banking and fiscal policy, and level of exports, and so forth. The welfare of their firms depends on the future magnitudes of these general economic quantities. Now in this case I do not think they hold a series of hypotheses to which they attach different probability values. On the contrary, I think they all follow the official forecasts of government agencies, they buy a private forecasting service, they listen to the same speeches by ministers of finance and business leaders, and

they come to certain opinions which are "generally" held. They confirm one another about the future and hold to their views with great conviction. There is no element of probability calculus about this at all. In technical language these expectations are single-valued projections of future quantities and they are accorded a measure of belief as though they were certain.

The other kind of situation arises when, for example, an enterpriser is contemplating a large investment to increase his plant. He has to form hypotheses about future sales, prices, rates of remuneration, supplies of raw materials, and the responses of his competitors. The experiment is, as Professor Shackle has maintained, "unique"; it is not to be repeated. Not only are the data inadequate for a calculus of probabilities (how assign values to the various possible responses of competitors?), but the crucial nature of the experiment and its uniqueness would render such a calculus inappropriate. Professor Shackle argues that in such a case the hypotheses are ranged in ranks of disbelief. "I shouldn't be surprised if that happened," we say, and "I should be very surprised if this did." Moreover some of the hypotheses would be attended by a feeling of pleasure or satisfaction, others by displeasure or downright unhappiness. If some of the most pleasant hypotheses are regarded as not unlikely while the more unpleasant ones are all regarded as most surprising, then a positive decision will be made. If, however, the more unpleasant hypotheses seem not very surprising, whereas a high degree of surprise or implausibility attaches itself to the more pleasant hypotheses, a negative decision will be taken. Thus where the risk of loss is great, high rewards must be anticipated if the venture is to be undertaken.

Let me illustrate the foregoing argument with a story from one of Professor Shackle's articles ("Probability and Uncertainty," *Metroeconomica*, vol. I, fas. 3, pp. 161–6):

> In his latest novel, called *The Widows of the Magistrate*, Keith West tells how certain Chinese officials once plotted rebellion against their Emperor. The brief passage that I am going to reproduce describes the thoughts of a certain sentry, who had to decide whether to obey his immediate superior, the treacherous Captain of the Guard, or to stand alone against the rebels in loyal defence of the Emperor's representative, the Lady Hibiscus:
>
> "In the room above, where the great drum stood, the sentry named Kwong Hui was testing the stacked bows of mulberry wood and setting the arrows in order.
>
> " 'I am a man who seizes opportunity,' he told the admiring women and the sleeping children.

" 'If I obey the Captain of the guard two things may happen. Either the rebellion succeeds, and I remain a soldier in the yamen guard, or the rebellion fails, when I lose my head. Whereas if I obey the Lady Hibiscus, two things may happen. Either the rebellion succeeds, and I lose my head, or the rebellion fails, when I shall receive rewards quite beyond my imagination to conceive. Now of these four possibilities, the last only attracts me. So I shall strive to hold this tower unentered, as long as is possible, until the arrival of help from elsewhere. That is the course of wisdom, as well as the course of courage and I am deficient in neither wisdom nor courage.' "

. . . The sentry saw two possible experiments, and for each of them there were two hypothetical outcomes, and for each experiment he saw no reason whatever to rely on one of its hypotheses rather than the other. For each experiment one of its two hypothetical results was agreeable, and it happened also that the two disagreeable hypotheses, one for each experiment, were identical. When he compared the two favourable hypotheses, however, one was incomparably more enjoyable to imagine than the other. Thus his choice was made.

We turn then from this extravaganza to the kind of reward which the successful enterpriser may expect. The reward of enterprise is usually called profit, but the concept differs a little from the meaning attached to the word in ordinary speech. Whereas when we refer to a firm's profit we ordinarily intend to mean the excess of a firm's revenues over its operating costs, i.e. "net revenue," the economist excludes from profit, wages of management and a return on invested capital at the prevailing rate of interest. Thus many perfectly healthy firms are not earning any profit in the economist's sense of the term.

There are various ways that profits may be earned by enterprise and we may classify profits according to the cause of their occurrence. Profit may be earned as a result of a monopolistic position on the market and this we call monopolist profit. Or profit may be earned as a result of introducing new methods of production or sale which are more efficient than those of one's competitors and these profits we call innovators' profit. Finally profits may be earned as a result of price changes, or changes in the value of money. In a generally inflationary or buoyant economy the costs of inventories and the costs incurred in production are likely to be exceeded by the prices at which the finished produce can be sold. Even though future costs go up, as long as the inflationary process continues, future prices will rise even more. The resulting profit we call windfall profit.

Windfall profits are attached to the kind of expectation about the future that is held generally by business men and that is held with firm conviction. A general belief that national income is going to continue

rising, that disposable personal income is going to increase, and that prices will rise slightly will lead to increased production even at rising costs. And the very action taken so generally by business men tends to make the belief come true. More investment and more production create more income for consumers to spend, so that the enterprisers are justified in their faith. These profits, however, a wise government will attempt to tax away. A severe tax policy is necessary to keep the inflationary movement under control and no harm is done to the economy by their removal. The inflationary pressure will be quite enough to keep enterprisers optimistic and active. The carrot is always dangling in front of the donkey, even if a benevolent Treasury makes sure that he is kept on a strictly limited diet.

Most economists, except the very pure ones who refuse ever to commit themselves to a normative judgment, agree with the general public that monopoly profits are a "bad thing." They are a reward given to an enterpriser for the anti-social activity of getting a privileged position on the market, exploiting the consumer, and mis-allocating the productive resources of the community. Nevertheless the "badness" of monopoly profits has probably been exaggerated. Though monopolies, except those "natural" monopolies under public control or regulation, usually earn profits in excess of wages of management and the normal interest return on capital invested, the amount of such profit is likely to be small. Our analysis of the enterpriser's expectations leads to this conclusion. When the monopolist contemplates an increase in output, or the scale of plant, or when he contemplates an innovation he is able to tell in advance pretty well what is going to happen. He does not have to worry about the response of his competitors because he has no competitors. He has control, in part, over his own revenues as well as his own costs. Thus a high degree of surprise will not be attached to hypotheses of considerable pleasantness. A very high reward is not necessary to induce him to "take a plunge."

There is a further advantage enjoyed by the monopolist. The profits attending expansion or innovation are likely in his case to be permanent. No competitor is going to follow him with cost-reducing innovations, force down the price, and so rob him in short.

Under perfect competition, on the other hand, all venture is highly risky and the rewards of success are short-lived. They soon disappear under the pressure of competition. If Jack builds a better mouse-trap the world will come to his door, but the fickle world will turn at once to George when he, too, builds a better mouse-trap and lowers the price.

And though there are always Jacks who take the lead, there are always Georges who respond competitively. Thus we come to a somewhat surprising conclusion. Whereas competitive firms in a stationary economy earn no profit and monopolistic firms do, in a dynamic and innovating economy venture by monopolies is possible with a comparatively low rate of anticipated profit, but venture by competitive enterprise is only possible if a very high rate of profit is expected. For this reason an economy of monopolies, though exploitative of the public in one sense, might be more progressive and innovating than an economy of perfect competition.

These speculations, however, make little contact with the facts of economic life in Canada today: we have little monopoly in our economy, except for that under public regulation, and we have little perfect competition. Where perfect competition could exist, the government has stepped in with various control and marketing schemes which have completely distorted the free price structure. Indeed Canadian public policy, and American, too, for that matter, consists of preventing farmers and fishermen from engaging in price competition and insisting that manufacturers should compete. Moreover, the better part of our mining and manufacturing economy is imperfectly competitive. The firms do not have enough control over the market to behave with the benign assurance of the monopolist we have previously described and they are not sufficiently competitive to protect the consumer from exploitation. Under such circumstances it is probable that very high rates of reward indeed must be attached to investment hypotheses if positive decisions on ventures are to be reached. There is the possibility of unfavourable competitive reaction, of the profits being only temporary, and there is the almost certainty of high advertising and promotional costs. (Brand advertising at excessive cost is a necessary evil in an economy of imperfect competition; we shall return to it later in this discussion. It is probably more socially wasteful than any or all practices of pure monopoly.) Thus it is not surprising to read in the empirical studies of Professor Solomon Fabricant in the United States and of the late Sir Hubert Henderson in Great Britain, that the expected annual yield on venture investment in those countries must run from 30 to 50 per cent per annum if a positive investment decision is to be taken.

Consequently our knowledge about the business enterpriser and the incentives that move him to action must lead us to look afresh at some of the long-cherished *laissez-faire* attitudes that arose from the classical political economy. A world of perfect competition may yet be the best

of all possible worlds, but we do not have it, it seems that we do not want it—witness Mr. Gardiner!—and even if we could have it, serious doubts must now exist as to whether such a perfect world would do anything but stagnate. Economic progress would be difficult in a world in which the risks of initiative would be excessive and the rewards small and ephemeral.

A world of monoplies, though involving injustices and concentrations of economic power which would be offensive to the Anglo-Saxon political tradition, might not be so bad from a purely economic point of view. Some wastage from misallocation of resources would occur, and some exploitation of the consuming public would take place, but economic development would continue at a relatively low social cost until the monopolies ceased to feel any spur to further development. Yet neither industry nor public opinion would accept this kind of world. Indeed, if it ever is accepted, it will probably be a Communist world with the great monopolies controlled by commissars, and then public opinion will be neither relevant nor effective.

The world we have is a very mixed-up one. We try by various devices to spare the competitive part of it from the disasters which hard-headed economists are prepared to regard as the necessary casualties of a competitive system. Society today rejects this tough notion of competitive casualties, and the farmers and fisherfolk who would otherwise be engaged in the dangerous, though much-admired, game of perfect competition are protected by government marketing schemes which involve a considerable degree of subsidization. That there may be a rough justice here we do not deny, for if the other sectors of the economy are not to be competitive the competitive sectors deserve some protection. In the non-competitive sectors public policy attempts to dictate that the business enterpriser should make an outward show of competitive practices. Combinations, agreements, and mergers are outlawed. Yet since no real price competition can exist—if it did we may be sure the government would at once step in with a protective marketing scheme—what public policy is in fact insisting upon is brand competition with the social waste of excessive advertising costs and excessive charges for innovation and development. In short, we have not made up our minds what kind of economy we really do want: the lip-service we do to "competition" is quite insincere; we put the business enterpriser in a situation where he must behave in the manner we have described and must insist on what seems to be an excessive rate of return on new development, and we criticize him, of course, for doing this.

Thus, if the foregoing argument is correct, we need to do some fundamental re-thinking of our social attitudes. That we should continue to regard monopolies as potentially dangerous and that we should assume that combines are conspiracies against the public interest seem to me healthy habits of mind. Legal protection against such conspiracies is as necessary as it ever was. Let not this article be read as an attack on our anti-combines legislation or the relevant article in the Criminal Code. From what Adam Smith called "conspiracy against the public" we still must be protected.

The protection, however, need not take the form of discouragement of economic enterprise, and ought not to take the form of arbitrary persecution of businesses for failing to conform to the textbook definition of competition. In contemporary business no firm in any industry behaves according to these theoretic norms, and if our analysis so far has been correct, it would be absurd to suppose that any business firm could conform to the norm of the perfectly competitive model, or that it would be to the public interest if a few firms could be compelled so to conform. Yet it is almost impossible for any business firm to defend itself, if it is selected for prosecution under the Canadian legislation and under existing Canadian juridical precedents, against charges laid under the Combines Investigation Act or the relevant section of the Criminal Code. The situation amounts to this: if the Minister of Justice decides to prosecute, he will win in the Courts. Thus an improper burden of juridical responsibility is thrown on the executive office of the Minister of Justice. Our legislation, nevertheless, clearly imposes upon the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission the responsibility of setting up non-juridical criteria for the appraisal of the effects on the public interest of business activities. The Commission has itself created a kind of economic jurisprudence, the economic fundamentals of which are derived from the models of the neo-classical economics. Our preceding argument suggests that there are three things wrong with this procedure: (1) perfect competition is, in any case, undesirable according to contemporary social ethics; (2) even were perfect competition desirable, it is not enforceable and it would be preferable to put away a nineteenth-century economic ethic and substitute one more in conformity with contemporary economic thinking; (3) it is bad law, for all accused must be guilty and the selection of those to be accused is in itself a form of judgment. In a single phrase, we need not the repeal or even the amendment of the Combines Investigation Act, but a contemporary economic philosophy behind the decisions of the Restrictive Trade

Practices Commission. And we need an educated public opinion, which has moved forward from J. S. Mill, to support a change, not in legislation, but in administrative methods.

The problem of devising an incentive system of taxation is not one we should discuss here. It is a technical question for the taxation experts, and one which involves, admittedly, great difficulty. I am fairly confident, however, if the basic economic theory comes to be accepted, that, however great the technical difficulties may prove to be, a solution can be found. Already, in Canada, an approach to incentive taxation exists in the depreciation write-off permitted to enterprises classified as "risk industries."

Thus, already, our legislation, if not our practice, takes some account of the economics of uncertainty. Some rewards are possible to the innovator. On the other side we do not attempt to penalize the anti-social activities of monopolistic competitors. Far from restraining their activities we too often encourage them by protective tariffs. Indeed one of the anomalies of the North American scene is severe anti-trust legislation to enforce a semblance of competition, combined with tariffs and customs' procedures to maintain the reality of monopoly. This kind of gobbledegook is especially characteristic of self-righteous Canadian governments.

As for brand advertising, we not only permit this vast economic wastage, this misallocation of resources beyond anything imaginable under perfect monopoly, we even encourage it by allying it with our national radio and television system. As an economist, I ought not to say more about the effects of brand advertising than to point out that such advertising is uneconomic, from the social point of view; but as a citizen I should like to add a brief protest against the degradation of taste and of manners and the depreciation of humanist values which are consciously attempted by the advertising agencies. They are, to my mind, the most corruptive influence of our age, corruptive of taste, morals, and religion, and subversive, in the most direct and effective sense, of the conventions and traditions of our constitution. That brand advertising can be constrained without legislation which would do violence to our traditional freedom of expression, I do not believe. That it should be encouraged as a method of subsidizing a national entertainment system, with all its concurrent effects, seems to me a far more serious thing than any abuse from which the Combines Act might conceivably protect us.

The Politics of George Orwell

Carlyle King

When George Orwell left Eton he was so heartily sick of being a poor boy among rich boys that instead of proceeding to the university he immediately went into the ranks of the British governing class. He joined the Indian Imperial Police and spent five years, from 1922 to 1927, carrying the white man's burden in Burma and accumulating thereby an intolerable weight of guilt that took him many years to expiate. He left Burma with a very bad conscience. For five years he had been part of an evil system, an oppressive and hypocritical racket, and he was haunted by the faces of the people whom he had treated as if they were sub-human:

> Innumerable remembered faces—faces of prisoners in the dock, of men waiting in the condemned cells, of subordinates I had bullied and aged peasants I had snubbed, of servants and coolies I had hit with my fist in moments of rage . . . —haunted me intolerably.[1]

Imperialism always means treating people in this way, he insists in the essay "Marrakech"; all colonial empires are founded on the assumption that people with brown faces are not human beings in the same sense as Europeans are human beings: their flesh is different, they do not have human feelings, their poverty is not noticeable, they probably don't have names. This is the unacknowledged premise of the white man's dealings with the peoples of Africa and Asia. Orwell repudiated this assumption.

Imperialism, Orwell insists, not only makes a man a tyrant, it makes him a liar. It makes him incapable of honest thinking, it stifles the free play of mind, it forces him to play a crooked part so constantly that in the end he becomes crooked. In playing the despot the white man destroys his own freedom. He must spend his life in trying to impress the "natives"; in so doing he surrenders his own selfhood and becomes a

dummy instead of a man. "He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it."

In his first book, *Burmese Days*, Orwell made use of his experiences in Burma and projected his own feelings through his character Flory, an unattractive, insecure, lonely man who loathes the life he is compelled to lead. Flory despises himself, because he has grasped the truth about the English and their Empire:

> The Indian Empire is a despotism—benevolent no doubt, but still a despotism with theft as its final object. . . .
>
> It is a stifling, stultifying world in which to live. It is a world in which every word and every thought is censored. In England it is hard even to imagine such an atmosphere. Everyone is free in England; we sell our souls in public and buy them back in private, among our friends. But even friendship can hardly exist when every white man is a cog in the wheels of despotism. Free speech is unthinkable. All other kinds of freedom are permitted. You are free to be a drunkard, an idler, a coward, a backbiter, a fornicator; but you are not free to think for yourself. Your opinion on every subject of any conceivable importance is dictated for you by the pukka sahibs' code.[2]

Here in embryo are the main themes which run through all of Orwell's books: his hatred of tyranny, snobbery, and class; his love of democratic freedom. In his school days he had suffered the humiliations of poverty and the bullying of classmates and teachers; in his young adulthood he had humiliated and bullied brown-faced adults. For the rest of his life he worked for a society in which there should be neither masters nor slaves.

Like a nagging conscience, he never stopped reminding liberal-minded Englishmen, and especially the socialist intelligentsia, that they were receivers of stolen goods. *Their* standard of living, the standard of living of all Englishmen, was possible only by the organized robbery carried on in the colonial empire. They were standing on the backs of Asiatic coolies, and for all their fine words about "self-determination" and "aid to backward peoples" they had, he challenged them, not the slightest intention of getting off:

> Under the capitalist system, in order that England may live in comparative comfort, a hundred million Indians must live on the verge of starvation—an evil state of affairs, but you acquiesce in it every time you step into a taxi or eat a plate of strawberries and cream. The alternative is to throw the Empire overboard and reduce England to a cold and unimportant little island where we should all have to work very hard and live mainly on herrings and potatoes.[3]

This he said in 1937. He returned to the attack in 1942 in his essay on Rudyard Kipling, where he accused the middle-class Left of hating Kipling because he had had the courage of his convictions and candidly said that Englishmen should rule over "the lesser breeds":

> All left-wing parties in the highly industrialized countries are at bottom a sham, because they make it their business to fight against something which they do not really wish to destroy. They have internationalist aims, and at the same time they struggle to keep up a standard of living with which these aims are incompatible. We all live by robbing Asiatic coolies, and those of us who are "enlightened" all maintain that those coolies ought to be set free; but our standard of living, and hence our "enlightenment," demands that the robbery shall continue.[4]

Orwell threw down a similar challenge to left-wing intellectuals in the matter of the maintenance of the class structure and levels of wealth in Great Britain. The left-wing intellectual is full of verbal sympathy for the proletariat, for the unemployed and for the working man on a low income, but in his heart he does not seriously want to abolish the distinctions which are based on money and education. He makes no serious attempt to see that exactly the same quality and amount of education are available to the children of the poor as to the children of the middle classes, and he would shriek with horror at the suggestion of approximate equality of income for all who do useful work. Just as nearly all white people show by their actions that they believe that Africans and Asiatics are second-class human beings, although they would be heartily ashamed to say so out loud, so left-wing intellectuals reveal by their behaviour that in their hearts they believe the poor to be incapable of the manners, the interests, and the tastes of those who by grace of their fathers' income have learned to wash regularly, to read books, and to enjoy the amenities of life.

Orwell had no patience with this sort of evasion and insincerity. From his first-hand experience of the lowest levels of poverty in Great Britain and France he proclaimed that the differences in tastes, behaviour, and culture among the various social groupings were a function only of solid cash. He rejected the idea that there is some mysterious fundamental difference between rich and poor:

> In reality there is no such difference. The masses of the rich and the poor are differentiated by their income and nothing else, and the average millionaire is only the average dishwasher dressed in a new suit. Change places, and handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Everyone who has

mixed on equal terms with the poor knows this quite well. But the trouble is that intelligent, cultivated people, the very people who might be expected to have liberal opinions, never do mix with the poor.[5]

Orwell devoted two books to this matter of poverty and what it does to the body, mind, and soul of its victims. First, there is the account in *Down and Out in London and Paris* of his own experiences as one of the lowest of the low. In his revulsion from his sin as an oppressor of the lowly and the weak in Burma, he deliberately submerged himself among the oppressed; he turned away from the respectable world and cast in his lot with tramps, beggars, and outcasts and learned at first hand what it is like to live in squalor, dirt, hunger, and fear. He tried living in Paris on a shilling a day and found that, while it can be done, it is a complicated business. It is not terrible; it is squalid and boring, it involves one in a net of lies, it saps the mental vigour, it enervates the soul. "You discover that a man who has gone even a week on bread and margarine is not a man any longer, only a belly with a few accessory organs." His money oozed away, and he learned to live on very much less than a shilling a day. For two days and a half on one occasion he did not eat at all. Later he worked for a pittance as a dishwasher in an unspeakably filthy French eating-place; later still he was a bum in England, living a hand-to-mouth existence in soup-kitchens, doss houses, and wards for the casual unemployed. By being one of the despised and rejected of the world, he purged himself of his guilt and he learned the direct connection between manhood and money. Without a reasonable amount of money, one cannot be clean, healthy, truthful, or honest, to say nothing of gentle, thoughtful, wise, or godly. Orwell demonstrated this connection again with remorseless logic in his novel, *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*. His main character, a young poet, sets out to defy the material values of the class in which he has been raised and educated: he will not pursue money and respectability. He learns that without money no good thing is available or possible, neither friendship nor love nor creative activity nor self-respect. He sinks down and down into filth, degradation, and mental torpor. Finally he gives up the unequal struggle, surrenders his philosophy, and accepts the fact that money is the mother of all this world's values. There abideth these three—faith, hope, and money—and the greatest of these is money, for without a substantial cushion of cash there can be no faith and no hope.

The prime political facts, then, are money and the class distinctions which are the by-products of more or less money; the main political objectives must consequently be an equitable distribution of income

and destruction of the stone walls of class—or justice and decency, to use Orwell's favourite expression. That is why Orwell became a socialist, remained one to the end of his life, and devoted all his literary powers to persuading his fellows to line up on the side of justice and decency. "Every line of serious work I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, *against* totalitarianism and *for* democratic socialism, as I understand it."[6]

The last phrase, "as I understand it," is important, because Orwell rejected many things which pass under the name of socialism in the modern world and he was critical of what he took to be the misunderstandings of his fellow-socialists in England and elsewhere. First of all, socialism to him was not a dream of mechanical progress under the blessings of which more and more people would be provided with more and more gadgets: labour-saving devices, mechanical comforts, and instruments for passive recreation. Orwell was more than a little uneasy about the ever accelerating pace of mechanization, industrialization, and urbanization; he feared their threat both to the liberty and to the creativity of the ordinary man. His little man in the insurance business, George Bowling in the novel *Coming up for Air*, complains: "That's the way we're going nowadays. Everything slick and streamlined, everything made out of something else." In a reverie he goes back to his childhood in Lower Binfield, five miles from the Thames in Oxfordshire, where his father had been a small shopkeeper, where the fishing had been good, and where life had been uncomplicated and unhurried. In a desperate hope of escaping from the rat-race in London, he revisits his old home. It is of no use. The natural and sane life of his childhood is gone; factories and mechanization have ruined it permanently. Again, in *The Road to Wigan Pier* Orwell voiced his distrust of too much zeal for mechanical development and urged socialists to dissociate themselves from this view of "progress." The tendency of mechanical progress is to make life safe and soft; human beings cease to be human beings when they want life to be safe and soft. Cease to use the hands, he warned, and you lop off a chunk—and a good chunk—of human consciousness: "The tendency of mechanical progress, then, is to frustrate the human need for effort and creation. It makes unnecessary and even impossible the activities of the eye and the hand."[7] Orwell wanted a civilization in which "progress" is not definable as "making the world safe for little fat men"; socialists ought to summon their fellows to make life simpler and harder instead of softer and more complex. We shall have to accept the machine, of course, because it is necessary for human

equality, but we had better accept it "rather as one accepts a drug—that is, grudgingly and suspiciously."

Akin to this warning was his criticism of those socialists who set up the goal of a materialistic Utopia, where everybody will have all the goods his little heart desires in return for going through the motions of working four hours a day, and where life will be passed in a sort of painless anaesthesia of moving pictures, golf, and car-driving. Too many people now think of socialism in terms of aeroplanes, tractors, huge glittering factories, and the products thereof. Socialism ought to improve the economic position of the grubbing and grubby millions, of course, but it ought not to promise cellophane-wrapped security. "Men can only be happy when they do not assume that the object of life is happiness," Orwell said in his essay on Arthur Koestler, who sank into pessimism when he lost his faith in socialism as the way to Earthly Paradise: "Perhaps some degree of suffering is ineradicable from human life, perhaps the choice before man is always a choice of evils, perhaps even the aim of Socialism is not to make the world perfect but to make it better."[8] Orwell was being unusually cautious in the "perhaps" of this sentence; if the word is dropped, his usual conviction is clear. As he put it in another place: "On the whole, human beings want to be good, but not too good, and not quite all the time."

Nor is socialism synonymous with "planning" or a "planned society." Too many socialists conceive of the good life as that in which everything is beautifully pigeonholed; they suffer, as Orwell said, from a "hypertrophied sense of order." They are the worst possible advertisements for socialism; they give the impression of being fussy cranks, interfering busybodies, or joyless bureaucrats. The average sensual man will have nothing to do with them or what they stand for. He is impatient of or unmoved by their diagrams, their theorizing, and their dogmas. That is why, said Orwell, so much socialist propaganda misses its mark. The working man is not the slightest bit interested in a theoretical analysis of the capitalist system, nor in the materialistic interpretation of history, nor in the doctrine of the class war, nor in "the pea-and-thimble trick with those three mysterious entities, thesis, antithesis, and synthesis." To him socialism means justice and common decency, or it means nothing at all, and justice and decency equal "enough to eat, freedom from the haunting terror of unemployment, the knowledge that his children will get a fair chance, a bath once a day, clean linen reasonably often, a roof that doesn't leak, and a short enough working day to leave him with a little energy when the day is done."

Orwell's own criticism of society is always moral, never theoretical. Socialism should blow the bugle call of justice and liberty; those are its essential aims, and those words should have clear, concrete meaning in them.

> I have always suspected that if our economic and political problems are ever really solved, life will become simpler instead of more complex, and that the sort of pleasure one gets from finding the first primrose will loom larger than the sort of pleasure one gets from eating an ice to the tune of a Wurlitzer. I think that by retaining one's childhood love of such things as trees, fishes, butterflies and . . . toads, one makes a peaceful and decent future a little more probable. . . .[9]

It is notable that in Orwell's most despairing picture of the future, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the only ray of hope is in the proles—and the proles sing at their work. They are too stupid for the Party to bother with; they are not indoctrinated, disciplined, and drugged with hate; they are slaves and cannon fodder—but they retain their human emotions. They make love, they laugh, they enjoy their children. Winston Smith, the desolate, weedy hero of the book, recognizes with a shock of surprise that "the proles had stayed human. They had not become hardened inside. They had held on to the primitive emotions which he himself had to relearn by conscious effort." So long as people enjoy spring, they are creating the atmosphere in which socialism defined as justice and liberty can come to be:

> So long as you are not actually ill, hungry, frightened or immured in a prison or a holiday camp, spring is still spring. The atom bombs are piling up in the factories, the police are prowling through the cities, the lies are streaming through the loudspeakers, but the earth is still going round the sun, and neither the dictators nor the bureaucrats, deeply as they disapprove of the process, are able to prevent it.[10]

Quite literally, then, you are making socialists when you encourage people to enjoy gardening, walking, playing with children, reading, making music, and the like. These provide outlets for energy that otherwise goes into hatred and power worship.

Orwell had the exhilarating experience once of living in socialism. In December 1936 he went to Spain and enlisted in the P.O.U.M. (Anarchist) militia in the fight against Franco. He fought on the Aragon front until he was seriously wounded in May 1937; he was invalided back to Barcelona, and then barely escaped with his life from Spain when the Communists denounced him and his friends as Fascist spies and traitors. The Anarchists were trying to push forward revolutionary

changes in society, and in the midst of war the P.O.U.M. militia practised the society of the future. Among them there were no classes, no privilege, no boot-licking, but equality and comradeship. Orwell described his experience in *Homage to Catalonia* (1938), a book which Lionel Trilling has called "one of the most important documents of our time."

> Up here in Aragon one was among tens of thousands of people, mainly though not entirely of working-class origin, all living at the same level and mingling on terms of equality. In theory, it was perfect equality, and in practice it was not far from it. There is a sense in which it would be true to say that one was experiencing a foretaste of Socialism, by which I mean that the prevailing mental atmosphere was that of Socialism. Many of the normal motives of civilized life—snobbishness, money-grubbing, fear of the boss, etc.—had simply ceased to exist. The ordinary class-divisions of society had disappeared to an extent that is almost unthinkable in the money-tainted air of England; there was no one there except the peasants and ourselves, and no one owned anyone else as his master. Of course such a state of affairs could not last. It was simply a temporary and local phase of an enormous game that is being played over the whole surface of the earth. But it lasted long enough to have its effect upon anyone who experienced it. However much one cursed at the time, one realized afterwards that one had been in contact with something strange and valuable. One had been in a community where hope was more normal than apathy or cynicism, where the word "comradeship" stood for comradeship and not, as in most countries, for humbug. One had breathed the air of equality. I am well aware that it is now the fashion to deny that Socialism has anything to do with equality. In every country in the world a huge tribe of party-hacks and sleek little professors are busy "proving" that Socialism means no more than a planned state-capitalism with the grab-motive left intact. But fortunately there exists a vision of Socialism quite different from this. The thing that attracts ordinary men to Socialism and makes them willing to risk their skins for it, the "mystique" of Socialism, is the idea of equality; to the vast majority of people Socialism means a classless society, or it means nothing at all.[11]

Although everything that Orwell believed in suffered a brutal defeat in the Spanish war, the whole experience, he declared, "left me with not less but more belief in the decency of human beings." That faith remained with Orwell. No matter how much he distrusted intellectuals with their neat theories and their supercilious criticism delivered from positions of safety, and no matter how much he was discouraged about the prospects of civilization, he was confident that there was a residuary fund of decency and goodwill in the ordinary working stiff. He might make, and would make, some howling blunders, he could be fooled and

betrayed, but basically he had a fumbling sense of justice that would keep his eyes in the right direction: "The struggle of the working class is like the growth of a plant. The plant is blind and stupid, but it knows enough to keep pushing upwards towards the light, and it will do this in the face of endless discouragement."[12]

The justice and decency that Orwell always talked about are, however, realizable only in an atmosphere of liberty. That is why he had no patience with Marxist-Leninism or Stalinism and refused to accept the claim of any Communist party to be an instrument of socialism. The Russian régime, he said flatly, is not socialist in any sense of the word as understood in this country (Britain), and the Communist movement in western Europe, which began as a movement for the overthrow of capitalism, soon degenerated into an instrument of Russian foreign policy. Orwell's eyes were opened to the real purpose of any Communist party by his experiences in the Spanish Civil War in 1936–7, and he was never fooled thereafter. He kept his mind clear of the gross error, which still persists among many intelligent people, that there is any connection between the movement, party, or ideology that calls itself Communism *and* the kind of society that can be accurately called socialist. One hears both those who are friendly to the U.S.S.R. and to its supporters and those who fear them like deadly poison talking about Communism and Communists as if they represented the extreme left wing in political philosophy. This is a result of the kind of muddy thinking of which only an intellectual is capable. There is nothing more left wing than the kind of democratic socialism that Orwell stood for; it is the doctrine which if put into practice will really work a revolution in all our social relationships. The other thing is totalitarianism. You may like it or dislike it or give it qualified approval or qualified disapproval, but it is still totalitarianism.

Orwell didn't like it; he loathed it. It was tyranny, and from childhood he had hated tyranny. At school he had been beaten, bullied, and despised; in Burma he had been a beater and a bully and hated himself for it; down and out in London and Paris he had suffered the humiliations inflicted upon the lowly; in Spain he had seen those who aspired to freedom slaughtered by those, on both sides of the fighting line, who loved power. "The Spanish war and other events in 1936–37 turned the scale and thereafter I knew where I stood." That is why he said that everything he had written thereafter was *for* democratic socialism and *against* totalitarianism. That is the meaning of *Animal Farm* (1945) and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949), his two best-known books. The satirical fairy

story in which the animals make a revolution against the tyrant man and in which the pigs among them betray the others into slavery again is not an attack on socialism, it is an attack on totalitarianism. The turning-point of the story comes when the original principles of freedom and equality are replaced by the slogan: "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others." The animals themselves recognize that they have but exchanged one tryanny for another when, in the last sentence of the book, looking through a window they see the ruler-pigs of their farm negotiating with the ruler-men of the next farm: "The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again, but already it was impossible to say which was which."

Nineteen Eighty-Four is, similarly, a horrifying picture of the tyranny which England will endure thirty years from now *if* English people should choose totalitarianism rather than democratic socialism. The book is a warning rather than a prophecy. Orwell, when he wrote the book, felt very pessimistic about the intellectual leadership of Great Britain. He sensed a weakening of desire for liberty among contemporary intellectuals; he said that their besetting sin was power worship; because they had cut themselves off from the common culture of their country, they despised the people and espoused the élite. "Nearly every modern intellectual has gone over to some or other form of totalitarianism," he wrote despairingly in his essay on Dickens (*Critical Essays*, 1946). If this keeps up, if this is the kind of leadership Britain is to have in the future, he said in effect in the novel published three years later, here is the kind of world we may expect in 1984. In that world every member of the ruling party is under constant surveillance. Every word, every gesture, almost every thought is controlled. Gorilla-faced guards, clothed in black uniforms and armed with heavy truncheons, patrol the streets. The telescreen watches every movement and the Thought Police check every unguarded word. Parents go in mortal terror of their children, who are rewarded for spying and who are provided with ear trumpets for easy listening at keyholes. Newspeak has been invented to replace communication in English and to make rational thought impossible. An expert in the new non-language explains its merit to Winston Smith:

> "Don't you see that the whole aim of newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make thought-crime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it. Every concept that can ever be needed will be expressed by exactly *one* word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all its subsidiary meanings rubbed out and forgotten. . . ."

Two-Minute Hates are held daily, and the populace is constantly lashed into a fury against some bestial but not very clearly defined enemy. A condition of continuous but inconclusive warfare between three superstates is maintained; this uses up surpluses of consumable goods and provides the mental atmosphere in which the Party may be preserved in power. Proposed marriages between Party members are checked by an investigating committee and permitted so long as the couple concerned show no signs of being in love with each other. Government is divided among four ministries: the ministry of Peace, which carries on war; the ministry of Truth, which manufactures and distributes lies; the ministry of Plenty, which organizes malnutrition; and the ministry of Love, which engages in torture. The three slogans of government are: War is Peace; Freedom is Slavery; Ignorance is Strength. Brutality reigns everywhere. "If you want a picture of the future," O'Brien the Commissar tells Winston Smith, "imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever." This is Ingsoc, ruthless tyranny masquerading as Socialism. "Thus the Party rejects and vilifies every principle for which the Socialist movement originally stood, and it chooses to do this in the name of Socialism."

It is a horrifying picture, and Orwell hardly believed in it himself. "It wouldn't have been so gloomy," he said, "if I hadn't been so ill." About the time he was writing *Nineteen Eighty-Four* he stated in his essay on "The English People" that "the real totalitarian atmosphere in which the State endeavors to control people's thoughts as well as their words, is hardly imaginable," and in a subsequent book *England, Your England* (1951) he expressed his conviction that English people still believed in such concepts as justice, liberty, and objective truth. "They may be illusions, but they are very powerful illusions."

Nevertheless, Orwell was calling attention in *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and in his essays to the central problem of politics: how to prevent power from being abused. The life of politics involves the use of power and therefore the perennial danger of the abuse of power—not only the gross abuses of power of a Stalin or Hitler or Churchill or Roosevelt, but the small abuses of power which tempt and seduce the well-intentioned little man when he has a chance to throw his weight about—and that includes us all. Everybody believes in power, said Orwell; "no one believes that it is possible to overcome force except by greater force. . . . Those who pretend otherwise are either intellectual cowards, or power-worshippers under a thin disguise." Among these latter are pacifists, about whom Orwell had some very harsh things to say. They suffer from "power-hunger tempered by self-deception." In

another place he lumped communism, fascism, and pacifism together as in the last analysis forms of power-worship. Now this verdict may seem an example of crass ignorance and sheer wrong-headedness, but it is sufficiently startling to make pacifists stop and examine their real as distinct from their avowed motives. Are they quite sure that they haven't the appetite for power and are animated by pure disinterestedness and benevolence? Or is their pacifism a way of asserting their moral superiority and their doctrine of non-violence a particularly nasty form of moral coercion? Orwell objected to moral bullying just as much as he did to physical torture:

> The distinction that really matters is not between violence and non-violence, but between having and not having the appetite for power. There are people who are convinced of the wickedness both of armies and of police forces, but who are nevertheless much more intolerant and inquisitorial in outlook than the normal person who believes that it is necessary to use violence in certain circumstances.[13]

In spite of these strictures, however, Orwell expressed a reluctant admiration for Gandhi. He had a profound distaste for the anti-humanist elements in Gandhi's teaching, but in his "Reflections on Gandhi" he discussed him sympathetically, conceded that maybe he was right in his non-violence, and concluded that "compared with the other leading political figures of our time, how clean a smell he has managed to leave behind!"

The fact remains, however, that politics is a realm of sin, and that we are all involved in it. As soon as we act, and we must act, we find ourselves engaged in some measure of coercion and crookedness, that is, engaged in exercising power and usually in lambasting someone. One of the most vivid episodes in Orwell's *Coming up for Air* is his amusing and truthful picture of a socialist meeting, under the auspices of the Left Book Club, for the purpose of mobilizing resistance to fascism. Now Orwell detested everything that fascism stood for, but he couldn't help being honest, and as his little man, George Bowling, listens to the righteous indignation and moral fervour of the speaker at the meeting, Orwell made him say: "What's he doing? Quite deliberately, and quite openly, he's stirring up hatred. Doing his damnedest to make you hate certain foreigners called Fascists." That, in its essence, is every political meeting you will ever go to.

It is the beginning of political wisdom to recognize and acknowledge that we are all afflicted in this way, for by recognizing our evil we can struggle against it. Orwell said that by a moral effort we can dampen

down our proneness to hatred and our love of power. Perhaps he pointed the way to the most effective control in a little anecdote about himself in the Spanish Civil War. A man jumped up from a Fascist trench, carrying a message to an officer, and ran in full view along the top of the parapet. It was, of course, Orwell's plain duty to shoot the man, but he didn't. Why? Because the fellow was holding up his trousers with both hands as he ran!

> I had come here to shoot at "Fascists"; but a man who is holding up his trousers isn't a "Fascist," he is visibly a fellow-creature, similar to yourself, and you don't feel like shooting at him.[14]

If by a constant and strenuous moral effort we can remember that Fascists and Communists and Capitalists and Chinese Reds and other people with wrong ideas in their heads and wrong motives in their hearts are, in their hearts and in their heads, very similar to ourselves, we shall refrain from shooting them.

NOTES

1 *The Road to Wigan Pier* (London, 1937), 179–80.
2 *Burmese Days* (London, 1951), 68–9.
3 *The Road to Wigan Pier*, 191–2.
4 *Dickens, Dali and Others* (New York, 1946), 144–5.
5 *Down and Out in London and Paris* (London, 1940), 104.
6 *A Collection of Essays* (New York, 1954), 318.
7 *The Road to Wigan Pier*, 232–3.
8 *Dickens, Dali and Others*, 200–1.
9 *Shooting an Elephant and Other Essays*, 206.
10 *Ibid.*, 207.
11 *Homage to Catalonia* (London, 1938), 139–40.
12 *A Collection of Essays*, 208.
13 *Shooting an Elephant and Other Esays*, 54.
14 *A Collection of Essays*, 199.

Faith, Fact, and Philosophy

Terence Penelhum

The feature which distinguishes philosophy today from philosophy two or three decades ago is the intense concern of a great number of contemporary philosophers with *language*. It is out of this concern that all the revolutionary changes in the discipline in our day have arisen. Among these is some challenging new discussion of the nature of religious belief, which I wish to introduce in this essay.[1]

It is obvious even to a casual glance that the most common and basic function of language (of any language) is the communication of information, or the stating of facts. We communicate information to each other by means of certain noises and marks which are used conventionally to symbolize this or that feature of our world. The earlier philosophers of the twentieth-century Linguistic or Analytic movement were concerned to decide under what circumstances the words and sentences with which we talk are *successful* means of communication, and when they are not. They tried to decide what conditions had to be met before a collection of words had any meaning. One of these conditions is clearly that the words in the collection should themselves have some significance attached to them in our language, either by convention, or by deliberate stipulation (in the case of new technical words). Words like "blog," "smudgely," or "brillig" could not form part of a meaningful sentence because they themselves have no meaning attached to them. Another of these conditions is that the words in the collection should be arranged at least roughly according to the rules of grammar. "Is has excitingly tomorrow table but" is meaningless at least in part because the words in it, although themselves familiar ones, are not arranged in accordance with the grammatical rules of the language to which they belong.

But one can still get nonsense even when both these conditions are

satisfied. "Reality is a supra-empirical synthesis of the actual and the ideal" is nonsense, but it meets both conditions. So it is clearly quite possible to construct a grammatical sentence, using quite meaningful and accepted words, and communicate nothing at all. What you utter if you do this will be neither true nor false but meaningless, since only a meaningful utterance can be either true or false. The trouble with this particular sort of nonsense is that it is not patent nonsense. It looks as though it might make sense if only you were clever enough to see how. It is not obvious gibberish, and not bad grammar; but it might as well be. It would be better if it were, because then it would not wear the bogus air of profundity which it has at times, especially when uttered by philosophers—for sentences which are embarrassingly like this do have a habit of appearing in some philosophical writings.

The problem, then, was how to decide in general when words are being used correctly, in a meaningful way, and when they are being *mis*used, so as to produce open or concealed nonsense. It is no use leaving it to each person to decide whether what is said to him is sense or nonsense, because people will differ over this for all kinds of irrelevant reasons like stupidity or prejudice. How can one erect a criterion by which to decide whether a particular use of words is proper or improper?

This is a question of the most extreme difficulty, and it is not at all surprising that when people first began to answer it they should have put forward over-confident and over-simple solutions. The philosophers in question were empirically minded men, and had no patience with the very ambitious speculations that had been current in philosophy in the late nineteenth century; so they yielded to the temptation to erect a criterion of meaningfulness which would enable them to dismiss the utterances of their speculative colleagues as nonsense. This line of thought received its most famous expression, though certainly not its subtlest one, in the writings of the Logical Positivists in the nineteen-twenties and thirties.

The Linguistic movement in philosophy has often been identified in the public mind with Logical Positivism, which was actually just one of its phases. But it was a useful phase, in spite of the immaturity and extravagance of its doctrines. The Positivists were mainly men with training and experience in the sciences, and they tended to think that in the self-conscious clarity of scientific discourse language was doing its proper job (viz. that of communicating facts) better than anywhere else. The most obvious feature of scientific language is that statements made in the sciences are expressed in such a way that they are amenable

to direct and precise tests in the form of experiments and observations. Here, it seemed, one had the paradigm of successful communication. So they erected what became known as the "Verifiability Criterion of Meaning." This was, roughly speaking, the view that a sentence is meaningful if and only if it is possible to specify some observations which would help to decide its truth or falsity. If it is not possible to do this, then the sentence has no meaning and can be dismissed as nonsense.

Here was a straightforward, muscular doctrine. It enabled those who held it to make short work of those of their colleagues who continued to express themselves in the treacly language of post-Kantian metaphysics. The statements of natural science fit the criterion quite well—not surprisingly. Those statements of fact that we all make from day to day, like "The milkman left the cream this morning," seem to fit well enough too. In these cases the person who makes the statements could specify some observations which would confirm them, and we know when we hear them how they can be tested if necessary. But "Reality is a supra-empirical synthesis of the actual and the ideal," is clearly ruled out by the criterion, for anyone who said this would be at a loss if we asked him to tell us how we could test it by an appeal to experience.

To bring out the contrast another way: a man who says that the milkman left the cream or that there will be an eclipse next Tuesday night is making a claim about what anyone who made certain tests would find. He is committing himself to a definite view of what a certain portion of our common world is like. If we make the tests and get negative results (if we look and find no cream for the coffee or sit up with our telescopes on Tuesday night and see nothing unusual) then we know that the world is not like what he committed himself to claiming it was like, and he has to take his statement back. A world in which there was cream for our coffee and one in which there was no cream for our coffee would be slightly different, and it is because of this that we can observe which of the two worlds is ours, and decide on the truth of the statement that has been made. But to what is a man committing himself when he claims "Reality is a supra-empirical synthesis of the actual and the ideal"? The question is of course rhetorical, for there is clearly no difference which the perpetrator of such a statement could mention. But if a world in which "Reality is a supra-empirical synthesis of the actual and the ideal" and one in which "Reality is not a supra-empirical synthesis of the actual and the ideal" do not differ in any way; if someone who says it is and someone who denies it is have exactly the same

expectations, then it is clear that the man who utters this sentence is committing himself to nothing at all in doing so. He is not asserting anything. His words, then, are literally empty ones.

Religious statements are obvious casualties on this view. They are clearly not verifiable by observation, and they are accordingly dismissed one-and-all as nonsensical. It was natural enough for religious believers to retort that this dismissal was arbitrary and not the result of any detailed investigation. The need for more detailed methods soon became obvious for other reasons. The Verifiability Criterion excluded other kinds of statement as well, such as those expressing moral judgments. The Positivists had talked as though language has only one function, viz. that of communicating facts after the manner of the sciences, and that sentences which fail to do this are meaningless. In fact, of course, we use language for many other purposes, such as asking questions, giving orders, expressing feelings, and giving moral advice, and in these cases it is absurd to suggest we are uttering nonsense.

The Positivists were not oblivious of these cases; but it is not unfair to say that they dealt with them very inadequately and perfunctorily. They tried to treat all these non-informative kinds of talk as ways in which to evince feelings; as analogous to the way in which we utter literally uninformative but emotionally satisfying phrases when we hit our thumbs with hammers. But this treatment is grossly inadequate, and does not begin to do justice to these very varied forms of discourse. What is needed here is not a wholesale dichotomous theory, but a painstaking and detailed examination of each form. This is now commonplace in Analytic philosophy, and the activities of its present-day practitioners are a far cry in manner and spirit from the dogmatism which preceded them.

But when viewed in this light, the Positivists can be seen to have made valuable contributions in one field, viz. in the examination of the way in which language is used in the realm of factual statements. Most analysts would still agree that when we make statements of fact in everyday life or in the sciences we do use roughly[2] the standards they said we use, i.e. that we do make some necessary commitment about what would count as evidence for or against what we say. So although a sentence which failed to satisfy this sort of test should not on this account be dismissed as meaningless, we should hesitate to call it a factual statement. A person using the form of words in question may be using language quite properly and sensibly, since he may be passing a moral evaluation, expressing some emotion, or giving advice, and these are all

quite proper ways to use words; but he will not be informing us of anything, whatever the appearances of the sentence may be. No contemporary linguistic philosopher, however, would leave the issue in these general terms, but would attempt to justify this contention by taking example after example.

From the Positivists' insistence on observations one can also infer a reason for being reluctant to grant that a sentence tells us anything when no evidence can be thought of for or against it. The language we talk with has been evolved in the first place to talk about the everyday world of our common experience; and if we attempt to use it to talk about matters which are admitted to lie beyond this everyday world we shall find that the words at our disposal have to be used in very unfamiliar ways, for which they may be entirely unsuited. We thus run a big risk of misusing them, and consequently of failing to communicate anything.

With these considerations in mind I can now present my central point. Some contemporary analytic philosophers have put forward a view of religious statements which is both significantly like that of the Positivists and significantly different, and (to myself at least) very plausible. They hold that although religious statements cannot be dismissed as nonsensical, they nevertheless cannot be regarded as factual statements.

Let us take two specimen religious statements: that God is the designer of the world, and that God is our father and loves his children. These look like ordinary factual statements which can be accepted as true or rejected as false. But let us examine them more closely. Take the first: God is the designer of the world. We are all familiar enough with the idea of a designer; the word is an ordinary one. We can think of the designer of a watch or of a house: it is someone who has made a plan which he or someone else has followed in constructing these things, and he can tell us or show us the plan which he has made. And we know the various ways in which the presence of human design shows itself, say in the patchwork of enclosed fields and hedgerows on the English landscape. Now when the believer tells us God is the designer of the world it is clear that he cannot be using the word "designer" in the ordinary literal way; for one thing, we can meet and talk to human designers, we can ask them what college they were trained at, whether their design is traditional or revolutionary, and so on. And we can watch them at work. None of this, we are given to understand, applies to God. So the main descriptive term of our sentence is being used in a very special way. But there must be some reason to use the word

"designer" and not any other. The believer will now say that the reason can be seen when we look at such things as the regularity of the seasons, the perpetuation of biological species, the fact that the conditions of our planet are just right for supporting life, and so on. We can now begin to understand him, and to see perhaps why he chooses to use the word he does. But we could point to the fact that in some years the seasons behave erratically and spoil the crops, or the fact that the process of natural selection seems to have wasted many creatures, or the fact that most of the universe appears to be incapable of supporting life: suppose we ask him whether these facts are also evidence of God's being designer of the world? He might or might not say "Yes." But if we ask him if these facts are evidence against God's being designer of the world, he will certainly say "No." Suppose we then ask him further what he would say if some of the familiar features of nature changed—if, for example, the weather became so irregular that we could no longer divide up the year into four seasons; or if, as seems at least feasible, a war were to break out which decimated the human race and destroyed most other forms of life on our planet; or if the earth were to drift within frying range of the sun: would these count as evidence against God's design? He would not want to say "Yes," because then he would have to specify at what point things would become bad enough to justify us in saying God has not designed the world after all, and this would be very difficult because these hypothetical situations differ only in degree from those forms of confusion that exist already and are not allowed by him to be counter-evidence. So he will say "No" again; these phenomena would not count against the claim that God is designer of the world.

It now emerges of course that nothing at all is allowed by the believer to be evidence against his claim. So we can reasonably ask whether, when he makes his claim, he is asserting anything. When we use the word "designer" in ordinary contexts we make certain claims in using it; we commit ourselves to finding certain kinds of order and pattern somewhere. We cannot in ordinary speech use the word like this without also allowing that if these features are not found, this is evidence against our statement. We can't have our cake and eat it—the possibility of evidence for a statement entails the possibility of evidence against it. When the believer says God is the designer of the world we can allow him to be using words in a special context, by analogy. But if the analogy has any point at all he must be making a similar claim to the one we would be making when using the word ordinarily. This he seems to be doing when he points to evidences of God's design. But he is

clearly not doing this when he refuses to allow anything to count against it, including of course the absence of those things he cites as evidence for it. He has qualified the word "designer" so much that it no longer has any resemblance at all to its original meaning. He has emptied out of it all the claims and implications originally contained in it, and since he has added no new ones, he has just qualified it away to nothing. He is, then, asserting nothing.

Take the second statement: God is our father and loves us. If a believer says this, he clearly cannot mean it in the literal sense: we know how to see whether our next-door neighbour loves his children, by studying his actions, but in the case of God this test is not said to be open to us. So the words "father" and "love" are clearly being used in a somewhat unusual way, by analogy. But they must fit somehow, or there is no point in using them rather than some others. The believer therefore points to our health and our wealth and the natural beauties of the world we live in; and we may think we understand him, just as we could understand someone pointing to our neighbour's feeding and clothing his children and giving them television as evidence that he loves them. But of course if we then ask whether toothache, and polio, and personal bereavements count as evidence against God's "love" for his "children," the answer is "No," and it becomes clear that anything at all is compatible with the claim that God loves his children and nothing is allowed to be incompatible with it. So the original meaning of "father" and "love" have been qualified away, and the statement that God loves his children asserts nothing on investigation. What would we say to someone who claimed that our neighbour loves his children but refused to allow any behaviour on his part to count against this? We should end up by saying that he was not using the word "love" as everyone else does, and is not managing therefore to communicate with us.

These two cases are enough to explain the position: if we examine the ways in which religious statements actually work it appears that they are not factual statements at all. They embody just enough qualifications and disclaimers to whittle away whatever content they may look as though they have.

The believer and the unbeliever do not expect different things of the world; their expectations are the same. This may not always have been so; at one time believers seem to have been prepared to allow their claims about God to hinge on definite tests: think of Elijah on Mount Carmel calling down fire from the Lord.[3] But they are less apt to do this now. The memory of Galileo and Darwin (or rather of their critics)

serves as a warning not to venture pronouncements about what the world must be like. So the believer may still pray for rain, but he will not be noticeably more sceptical than the rest of us when the weatherman predicts a drought. We know so much more than we used to about how things happen. But if you could not tell a believer from an unbeliever by asking each what he expects to happen, how quite do they differ? For they do seem to.

One obvious answer is that they differ not about the facts but in their attitude to the facts. Granted that religious statements cannot be thought of as factual claims, this does not complete a description of them. One cannot just stop here and dismiss them without more ado, after the manner of a Positivist. And the philosophers whose views I have been describing would not do this. They stress that as language is used by us to do many other jobs than the one of passing on information, religious language may still be doing one or more of these. They have pointed out, for example, that although the believer expects the same as the unbeliever, the frame of mind in which he expects it is very different. He is less apt to resent what comes, more apt to be resigned to misfortune, to have greater reserves of hope and energy. Perhaps, some have said, it is the function of religious language to express and evoke these frames of mind, in the way that some kinds of music might. Perhaps this dictates the choice of words the believer uses: when he says God is the designer of the world, perhaps he uses this turn of phrase not in order to draw empty factual analogies but because the emotions that he feels at the time towards the world are like those he would feel when confronted with some wonderful piece of human design like St. Paul's Cathedral. When he says God loves his children he might be feeling the same sort of thankfulness for his good fortune that he felt in the presence of his father in childhood. The analogy may be between his attitude to particular things in his experience and his attitude to life as a whole, his sense of wonder and pleasure and so on. The support which the adherence to religious statements gives to people in time of adversity might be held to be due to the fact that attitudes acquired at one time can persist through others.

This, it has been said, is the sort of purpose which religious statements might serve. And there is obviously much in all this. No one can have much experience of religion or much power of observation if he treats it as an attempt to make certain factual claims and nothing else. Into the believer's utterances is packed a whole attitude to living and a whole range of feeling quite foreign to the literal-minded man;

hence the great beauty of the classics of religious writing. Thus it is very necessary to stress these other dimensions of religious talk.

One result of stressing them might be a claim that the attempt to establish that religious statements are non-factual in character need not amount to a destructive criticism of them, but only of those who insist they are factual in character. Why should anyone want to use the fact that religious statements cannot be taken literally as conveying information as a reason for trying to stop people from voicing them, since their personal and emotional value is obviously so great?

I must confess that this claim seems disingenuous to me; and I doubt whether many people who care about the subject are likely to be impressed by it. It seems to overlook a very important fact: although religious statements have all these non-fact-stating functions, I also think that they would not have them, that no one would entertain quite the attitudes they express, if it were not thought by those who uttered them that they stated facts as well. The description we have examined may only be a criticism of those who maintain that religious statements do convey facts, but I am afraid this class of people includes all religious believers.

It might be said that this conclusion is sufficient to discredit the description, since no account of religion could be true if it would mean the end of all religion for everyone to accept it. This would be fallacious. An analysis of an activity is not false because when a man accepts it he is disinclined to carry on the activity. The psychiatrist's analysis of his patient's mental disorder is not refuted because the disorder vanishes when the patient accepts it. I make no comment here on the aptness of this particular analogy.

The thesis I have been outlining clearly offers a challenge to religion, and one which is far more basic than any the scientist has ever offered; for it is claimed that not only are religious doctrines contradicted by certain facts, but that the doctrines themselves seem to be empty ones. How could the religious thinker meet this challenge?

It will not do, in the first place, for him to say that it is not his concern to answer it, since religion is a matter of faith and not of proof. The philosopher here has not asked for proof. An appeal to faith misses the point of his questions, because he is asking precisely what he is supposed to have faith in; what is the content of the belief he is being urged to accept. Certainly faith cannot be reduced to the mere acceptance of a set of propositions, but it surely involves this, and involves it essentially; and you cannot urge someone to accept a set of propositions

unless you make clear to him what they contain. This is the task which faces the religious thinker if he takes this philosophical challenge seriously, and it is prior to all talk about faith and proof.

It will not do, in the second place, to say that this account of religious statements is incredible because no one could go through life believing staunchly in statements which had no content. This rebuttal can be answered, with disconcerting ease. It would be quite possible for people to cling steadfastly to such statements, and to derive numerous phychological benefits from doing so, even though these statements do not actually state anything, provided they think they do state something. And it is possible for them to think so because the words in these statements are not nonsense-words but quite familiar ones. "Father," "love," "designer" are quite familiar, and although when one surveys the actual way the believer uses them one can see that he gradually empties them of all their ordinary implications, it is quite possible for him to do this without realizing it: it is quite possible for him when pointing to some things as evidence for God's love to forget that he would not allow anything to count as evidence against it, and in forgetting this he is overlooking the fact that the word "love" is therefore being misused. He is like someone who plays a game according to the normal set of rules and then changes the rules when he looks like losing, but still believes quite honestly that he is playing the same game because he is still using the same cards and counters. It is only too easy to misuse words like "father" and "love" without noticing it because they are words which have a strong power of calling up feelings and images in our minds in normal contexts, and these associations still cling to them even though the normal context has altogether gone; in the new context they may be quite inappropriate, but they are still there because the calling up of images and feelings is not a logical matter. If all these associations still cling to the words when the believer uses them, this can help to explain very easily why he does not notice how very much the other conditions under which he talks have changed.

So it does not seem to me that one can attack this view of religious statements simply by saying it is intrinsically improbable. It can easily be replied that it is not intrinsically improbable at all, as long as one assumes that people can think and behave inconsistently, and there is nothing intrinsically improbable about this.

The challenge would have to be met more forcefully. There are all sorts of ways in which the believer could reply, however. The essence of the view I have presented is that the believer's statements are not

related in any of the normal ways to evidence, that he has no expectations the rest of us do not have. This might be contested; a religious thinker might hold that there are certain expectations entertained by believers, and certain kinds of evidence to which they can appeal in the normal way. These kinds of evidence might be first, certain unique sorts of religious experience, second, miracles and the findings of psychical research, and third, the expectations of another world beyond this one which the believer has but the unbeliever has not. In each of these ways, it might be said, the believer has concrete evidence to which he appeals, definite expectations not shared by others.

I shall just indicate briefly here some of the difficulties in the way of these replies: I do not claim to demonstrate that they are insuperable ones. To begin with, two general comments.

First, all of these expectations are special sorts of cases. If the believer does not refer to them as ancillary arguments but rests his case on them, he is admitting that the evidence to which he needs to appeal is not to be found in our everyday experience. This admission may not be fatal, but it would surely be reluctant; for God's presence and beneficence and love are said to manifest themselves in far less unfamiliar ways than these.

Second, if the believer claims that these special facts represent evidence in favour of his statements about God, he has to play the game here properly, i.e., he has to admit that if these facts were otherwise this would count as evidence against his statements. It is not good enough to say "These facts are all so queer that we have to use religious statements to explain them"; this is not good enough because any explanation by definition must show why these things happen as they do and not some other way, and a statement about God would not explain this if it could be used with equal aplomb to explain opposite facts. However queer the facts you are dealing with, you must allow that if they are supposed to point one way their opposites must be allowed to point the other way. And I am not at all sure that the believer would treat them like this; and if he would not, then he is not really telling us anything in these cases either. To take an example: someone might point to the story of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea as evidence that God loves his people. One should therefore assume that a contrary turn of events would have counted as evidence against this. But is this so? Suppose the Red Sea had not rolled back for the Israelites at all; or, even more, suppose it had not rolled back for them and they had had to swim, and then it had rolled back for the Egyptians, so that they caught

them all. Would either of these be admitted to be counter-evidence? I can think of much more likely reactions. If this same sort of pattern were to be repeated in the case of these more special forms of evidence, then they are not really being used as evidence either, and no assertions are being made on the basis of them.

To take a brief look at each. First, religious experiences. These, of course, occur. But one would naturally tend to explain their occurrence as the result of believing in the truth of religious statements, and I have already suggested how they might still result even if these statements were empty ones; besides which, the psychological consequences of believing something are not evidence of its truth, even if its content is clear. Second, miracles and the findings of psychical reasearch. The classic difficulty about miracles is to know what a miracle is. It is not just a very surprising event, since surprise vanishes with the growth of science. Even something which seems quite contrary to scientific laws is surely insufficient; if my shoelaces tied themselves up tomorrow morning this would be odd, but not a miracle merely for this reason. It is usually said that there must be some *point* in a strange event for it to be miraculous. This involves us in defining the miraculous in terms of God's agency and purpose. The attempt would be quite unhelpful in our present context, which requires us to do the reverse. Psychical research, which anyone but the most pig-headed must agree has authenticated some very strange things, seems to me as hard to accommodate to a religious as to a secular view of things, when one bears in mind the triviality of much of the material. The onus seems to be on anyone who wishes to appeal to this evidence to show how and at what points it relates to religious utterance. Mere peculiarity is not a certificate of divinity.

Third, it might be claimed that the believer has expectations of his own, but they are expectations of events in another world rather than this one. The difficulty here is to make this reference to another world itself intelligible, since the language in which these expectations have to be expressed has been evolved in this one. Do we understand at all what is meant by predictions of a bodiless and non-spatial existence? (For bodiless people could not meet, or converse, or see one another, or do any of the things we naturally think of people doing.) And talk of non-physical or spiritual bodies seems to avoid vacuity at the expense of self-contradiction.

These rough and very compressed considerations will serve to indicate the kind of problems which exist for anyone resorting to these par-

ticular expedients. How ought anyone to proceed who wished to show that religious belief does have a definite content without resorting to them more than incidentally? This is clearly a task for the theologian, who will probably feel that it involves giving what are in fact very old issues a new treatment. The strength of his case will have to rest on pointing out that statements about God are a unique class of statements which cannot be assessed by standards we would use in other cases. But he will then have to show why he feels entitled to use ordinary everyday facts to support them. The strength of his case will also lie in pointing out that no one has ever claimed God was an object which we could investigate with our senses, so that accounts of His nature are bound to be inadequate and difficult to express. But he will then have to show why it is that he still feels certain words in our everyday vocabulary like "father" and "love" are the appropriate ones to use to express God's nature.

In brief, he will have to show that there is no incompatibility between saying that God transcends the whole world of our daily experience and saying also that He is present in it in ways which vitally concern us. This is a task which looks to me almost impossibly difficult. But since we are assured that these matters are more important than any others, it is surely a task which someone ought to undertake. In undertaking it he will in fact be engaging in the same sort of investigation as those who have raised (among others) the issues I have been discussing, viz., the investigation of the way in which religious language is used. He will be practising "Linguistic Philosophy"; and in so doing will show that although there may be a predominance of sceptical opinion among its practitioners, there is no necessary connection between using its techniques and being a religious sceptic. This fact is obvious enough, but many people do not seem to have seen it yet.

NOTES

1 An earlier version of this essay was presented as an address to a general audience at a meeting of the University of Alberta Philosophical Society on November 9, 1955. Much of the material I had in mind while composing it has since been reprinted in *New Essays in Philosophical Theology*, ed. Antony Flew and Alasdaire MacIntyre (SCM Press). See also O. Rogers Jones, *Hibbert Journal* (Jan. 1955).

2 Many controversies are passed over here, but they are not crucial to the present purpose.

3 The example is John Wisdom's—see "Gods" in his *Philosophy and Psychoanalysis*. The famous gardener story in this paper is a major source of the line of thought I am explaining.

Reviews

Rousseau for the Present Age

To move from John Morley's *Rousseau*, which, probably more than any other work, has set the pattern of opinion about Jean-Jacques in the English-speaking world, to F. C. Green's *Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, is to move from one age into another; from the simple, liberal, rational, optimistic Victorian past to the subtle complexities of the present period of uncertainty. (*Jean-Jacques Rousseau: A Critical Study of his Life and Writings*. Cambridge: At the University Press [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited]. 1955. Pp. viii, 376. $5.50.) No doubt Professor Green is nearer to Morley in many of his views than this contrast suggests. He has a dislike for the moral lapses, the failings in character of Rousseau, as has John Morley but he writes about them with an open frankness quite impossible for the Victorian Englishman. He has comparable suspicions of the political dangers in Rousseau's theories but his fears have been sharpened and pointed by the events of the last forty years. Professor Green has seen the meaning of totalitarianism in Germany, in Italy, in Russia. But if the present biographer shares some of his predecessor's antipathies he has at the same time much more sympathy for, and a far greater understanding of his subject. To him Rousseau is far less a prophet, true or false—though, in fact, he is both—than a man, curious, complex, exciting, perfectly suited to the investigations of the psychologist-biographer. From one who is not only intimately and sympathetically conversant with eighteenth-century France, the world of Rousseau, but who has also given us a most acute and understanding appraisal of *The Mind of Proust*, who knows the Proustian technique and outlook as do few others today, this approach to Jean-Jacques was to be expected. That it has been carried through with such a deft touch in this case is most gratifying. The result is a penetrating, balanced portrait of one of history's most controversial figures, such as has not existed in English before.

The looking into Rousseau's mind, the probing of motives, the weighing of personality: this character surgery goes on throughout the book. A child deprived of his mother, a disordered youth, the idyllic affair of a young man with Mme de Warens and its cruel *dénouement*, the searching trials of a poverty-ridden, insecure man seeking sympathy and a place in society, are all tactfully but surely explored. The mind behind the books that were, as Mme de Stäel so aptly put it, "to inflame all," is regarded from every angle. The effect of the liaison with Therèse Levasseur, for whom the author has

little good to say; the breaks between Rousseau and Voltaire, Diderot, Grimm, Hume—how many others?—are all carefully considered. Especially acute and novel, it seems to me, is the treatment of Rousseau's last years, the fascinating yet poignantly terrible story of the breakdown of a fine mind. The book ends with one of the author's characteristic touches of sympathy when he pictures the aged, broken man in "the last of his solitary walks . . . travelling fast along familiar roads, homeward bound for Les Charmettes, Chambéry, Annecy and the golden, radiant past."

Combined with his perceptive delving into Rousseau's personality are highly useful analyses of his works. Of these, the ones concerning education, the *Emile* in particular, and the political writings are most fully treated. Having allowed for all contradictions and exaggerations Professor Green sees Rousseau's *Emile* as the greatest educational work of the eighteenth century, and points out that when men like "Basedow, Pestalozzi, Froebel and Montessori" saw its "true significance" in the next century "a new era in education" was opened. In dealing with the political writings the author carries on a running commentary upon the opinions of C. E. Vaughan, the editor of *The Political Writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (Cambridge, 1915). He is less inclined than Vaughan to see Rousseau as an advocate of *étatisme*, his "final impression" being that Rousseau "whilst reluctantly granting that nature intended man to lead a social existence, always privately believed that, in creating our species, she was primarily concerned with the individual; not the group." Nonetheless he is greatly upset by Rousseau's justification of the use of force by the state to uphold a civic profession of faith, a state religion. In this, says Green, "he conceived the formula for a process of judicial mass murder which, with various refinements, was destined to form the basis of the twentieth-century totalitarian State. That a noble creation like the *Contrat social* should have been disfigured by such a monstrous appendage is one of the most baffling enigmas recorded in literature."

The new appraisal which Professor Green has made has been possible chiefly because of the publication of Rousseau's *Correspondance générale* (1924–1934), and the research embodied in the *Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (1905–). He has relied heavily on these sources, as well as on manuscript materials at Neuchâtel and elsewhere. The references are chiefly to original source materials so that it is difficult to know what part, if any, the numerous literature on Rousseau played in helping to form the author's views. One real lack, indeed, in this very fine book is a bibliography. Another, and more serious consideration, is that so little attempt is made to assess Rousseau's influence on the course of events in France up to 1789. Perhaps Professor Green regarded this as beyond the scope of his work but we can only regret that we do not have more fully the opinions of so perceptive a scholar on this important matter.

For an understanding of the man, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, there is no doubt that Professor Green's book now takes first rank.

RICHARD M. SAUNDERS

George Moore: A Reconsideration

A "reconsideration" demands positive statements, and Mr. Malcolm Brown begins his book strongly (*George Moore: A Reconsideration*, Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1955, pp. xx, 235, $4.50). Wishing to believe in what he calls a "long" hibernation of Moore's reputation since his death in 1933, he writes: "To his contemporaries George Moore was a very great writer. In the 1920's one of the certainties of literary criticism was the view that he was 'the greatest living master of English prose.' " A little later he exclaims: "How many readers owe their discovery of Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Turgenev, Huysmans, Verlaine, Manet, Degas and even Wagner to the infectiousness of Moore's enthusiasms!" The exclamations cannot be answered (although general education cannot be quite so bad, even in the United States), but one would have no difficulty in quoting from critic after critic who did not share the conviction of Moore's absolute mastership. However, perhaps enough time has passed for a more objective approach, and Mr. Brown has honestly attempted it.

Acknowledging his indebtedness to Mr. Joseph Hone's admirable biographies of Moore and the Moore family, Mr. Brown gives his book the form of a chronological and biographical study in which the principal subject is Moore himself. We begin with the dilemma of the Irish landlord, and proceed to Paris, to the first assault on London, to Dublin, to Ebury Street; Mr. Brown sketches in the various societies and aesthetic climates from which Moore derived at once an intensely naïve enjoyment and also the material for his superbly visualized, fully self-conscious autobiographical writing. Some of the résumés of the social and literary scenes (for instance that of England in the 1880's), are rather thin and external, or extreme, but there is a clear conception of Moore's various roles, and Moore's own preoccupations were often with the same surfaces.

In an early chapter Mr. Brown parallels a quotation from Gauthier with Moore's version of it, and comments on the "clownish piquancy" with which the *fin de siècle* manifesto of Gauthier's hero is extended. The *Confessions* are not always conscious parody, nor are the *Pagan Poems*, but it is nevertheless the vitality of parody (with other gifts) which makes Moore's best writing so exhilarating in *Avowals, Conversations in Ebury Street*, and above all, *Hail and Farewell*. Different in so many ways, Moore yet possessed the comic detachment and sense of fun, the clarity of observation for his own gestures and those of other people which we find in Shaw and Joyce. Mr. Brown does not forgo the pleasure of using as epigraphs some of the more famous "Moorisms" from *Hail and Farewell*:

> Within the oftentimes bombastic and truculent appearance that I present to the world, trembles a heart shy as a wren in the hedgerow or a mouse along the wainscoting;

or

> To be ridiculous has always been *mon petit luxe*, but can anyone be said to be ridiculous if he knows that he is ridiculous? Not very well. It is the pompous that are truly ridiculous.

In what way is this book a "reconsideration"? Not in any serious critical sense about Moore's work, certainly. In the first chapter Mr. Brown quotes three pronouncements of which Moore was fond (one by Manet and two by Gauthier): "One should be ashamed of nothing but to be ashamed"; "the correction of form is virtue"; "the visible world is visible"; and says "the transplantation of these three precepts to English ground was Moore's basic life work." He gives some idea of what this meant; there is interesting comment on some of the novels and a good appraisal of *Esther Waters* in relation to Moore's attitudes and his *practical* motives in choosing such a subject in an attempt to win popularity. But Mr. Brown's main concern seems to be Moore's personality, and there is little criticism here to put beside the best of John Freeman, Charles Morgan, and others. Nevertheless, as a general introduction, this is a lively and readable book, observant, free of animus, and full of enjoyment. And sometimes Mr. Brown can turn a very good sentence, as in this about Yeats and the Irish gentry: "Yeats once remarked that the landed gentry in Ireland had prepared its own doom when it lost 'hereditary passion.' Did he mean that it was deficient in honor, or recklessness, or paternalistic impulse, or did he mean only that it lacked style? George Henry Moore's history suggests that the defeat of his class resulted from forces more prosaic than Yeats could recognize, and that hereditary passion, or its absence, finally determined little more than the pitch of eloquence it gave to its valedictory."

N. J. ENDICOTT

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BOWERS, FREDSON, ed. *Whitman's Manuscripts: Leaves of Grass (1860): A Parallel Text.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press [Toronto: University of Toronto Press]. 1955. Pp. lxxiv, 264. $12.50.

FRANK, JOSEPH. *The Levellers; A History of the Writings of Three Seventeenth-Century Social Democrats: John Lilburne, Richard Overton, William Walwyn.* Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1955. Pp. x, 345. $6.50.

HEILMAN, ROBERT B. *Magic in the Web: Action and Language in Othello.* Lexington: University of Kentucky Press. 1956. Pp. viii, 298. $5.00.

HOPKINS, MARY ALDEN. *Dr. Johnson's Lichfield.* London: Peter Owen Limited [Toronto: Copp Clark Co. Limited]. 1956. Pp. 16, 256. $5.00.

LAPP, JOHN C. *Aspects of Racinian Tragedy.* Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1955. Pp. xii, 195. $5.00.

SCHANZER, ERNEST, ed. *Shakespeare's Appian: A Selection from the Tudor Translation of Appian's Civil Wars.* English Reprint Series, no. 13. Liverpool: Liverpool University Press. Pp. xxviii, 101. 6*s*.

TOYNBEE, ARNOLD. *An Historian's Approach to Religion.* Based on the Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of Edinburgh in the years 1952 and 1953. London, New York, Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1956. Pp. x, 318. $5.00.

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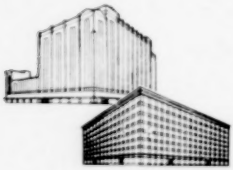

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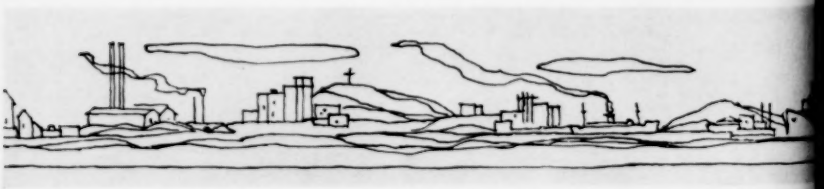
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